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H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARIE-JOSÉ OF BELGIUM.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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GOVERNMENT AND THE FOOD SUPPLY.

MR. ASQUITH'S speech in the House of Commons on Feb. 11th is a document of first-class importance. He exonerated himself at the very opening of it from being obliged to consider the question from any merely theoretical point of view or as an economist of the old school. What we understand by this is that the Prime Minister refuses to deal with a question of this kind on lines of doctrine. The situation has to be taken on its merits. The refusal of the Government to fix maximum prices is not to be understood as an announcement that under no conceivable circumstances would this course be taken. It means only that as things stand and after a careful consideration of the causes leading to the higher prices there is no reason at the present moment for Government stepping in and asserting that charges shall not go beyond a certain limit. Mr. Asquith's examination showed that the rise in wheat is very largely due to natural causes, particularly to the failure of the Australian crop, the impossibility of, for the present at any rate, sending the Russian supplies to market, and the inability of the Argentine farmers to get their abundant crop to port. These are conditions that would in themselves account for a great part of the rise. We have also to take into account that there has been a scarcity of ships and a rise in freight—two additional causes of the increase. Finally, there has been on the other side of the Atlantic a certain amount of manœuvring for a rise. Mr. Asquith did not allege this has been done on such a scale as to justify the belief

that there was any corner being made in wheat such as produced very great distress in Southern Europe ten years ago, but still, dealers in New York have been holding back for the rise. If anything of the same kind had been done on a large scale in this country, that is to say, if the cultivators of wheat had been withholding it from the country on the chance of obtaining a ransom price, it is possible that the Prime Minister would have reconsidered his resolution not to fix a maximum. To do so ought to be, indeed, one of the last courses to be adopted. A time may come when such a defence will be necessary, but the longer it can be put off the better, and if it never arrives the country will lose nothing. In the ranks of the Labour Members there is evidently a disposition to differ from Mr. Asquith; but if the Labour leaders would carefully think out the problem for themselves, they would see that the decision arrived at is the best for the poor consumers. Our business in the months to come is to attract to these shores the largest possible volume of wheat, and the only lodestone by which we can do so is a largeness of price that will appeal to those who deal in and grow wheat in other parts of the world. So far it is impossible to disagree with the Prime Minister. On one or two points of detail there is more room for difference of opinion. For example, the comparison drawn between the price in 1875 and that in 1915 must be fallacious as long as it stands on figures only. The whole national situation in regard to wheat was revolutionised after the bad harvest of 1879. To meet the shortage great efforts were made to ship to this country supplies of wheat from the virgin soil of new countries, and particularly from the United States. As it happened, the steamship almost at the same time became enlarged and improved, so that it was a comparatively easy matter to obtain the service of vessels capable of bringing a plentiful supply of wheat across the Atlantic. But the traffic, once established, grew by leaps and bounds.

In other parts of the comparison Mr. Asquith was happier. The price of meat has had a history very like that of wheat. It fell in the eighties owing to the immense quantities that began to be sent over here frozen or chilled. But recently the demand for meat has been so much extended in other countries that it was going up in price before the war broke out and has not risen very astonishingly since. Mr. Asquith enumerated five necessities of life of which, wheat, flour and meat are three; the other two are sugar and coal. In 1875 sugar was beginning to fall after being very dear, and the rise in the price to-day is about 43 per cent. if an average be taken of the three years ending 1875. Coal on the same comparison shows an increase of 14 per cent. No doubt Mr. Asquith is right in this statement. He is so very accurate in his figures that it would be presumptuous to doubt them, but if they are right, then the local variation must be excessive, as there are places in this country where coal is costing more than twice what it did before the war, and, curiously enough, these places are very adjacent to the coal mines. For the rise in coal it was easy to find adequate reasons. Production must have been considerably curtailed by the fact that an immense number of miners, to their very great credit, have volunteered for the front, and it is scarcely to be supposed that those left behind are equally vigorous and efficient. Add to this the difficulty in shipping the coals from port to port.

Here again the Prime Minister found it inadvisable to apply State interference until other resorts were exhausted. The scarcity of coal in our towns is principally due to the want of ships, so many of the latter being used by the Government for the purpose of transporting troops and war material. In order to rectify this, a score of vessels that had been captured and interned were set free. The result of this was that the market rate fell from 13s. 6d. and 14s. to 10s.; and as Mr. Asquith promises that within the present week a further fourteen vessels will be set free for this trade, it ought to follow naturally that coal prices will fall to something more nearly approaching the normal.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

WE publish this week a portrait of Princess Marie-José, the only daughter of the King and Queen of Belgium.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



WITH this week it would appear that the war is about to enter upon a new stage. The German blockade was supposed to begin on Thursday, but we attach very little importance to that because the enemy has been doing his best all these months to destroy our vessels by submarine and any other means in his power. Our reference is rather to the spring campaign. During the severe winter months the armies in the West might almost as well have gone into winter quarters, as they have practically faced one another without either being able to make any very important advance. In the East, curiously enough, where the weather is more severe, operations have been on a great scale, and are at the present moment almost monopolising attention. Obviously, Hindenburg is making a strenuous attempt to fling back the Russians so as to leave the German Army at liberty to deal with the vastly increased strength of the Allies in France and Belgium. General Joffre and Lord Kitchener have this in common, that they proceed "without haste, without rest." They refrain from making any wild attempt to break through the enemy's lines until they are ready to do so in force, but that hour is closely approaching and the Germans are aware of it.

Mr. Winston Churchill on Monday afternoon delivered a stirring and heartening address to the House of Commons in answer to the German menace. He scarcely deigned to dwell on the absurdity of the proclamation of a blockade by a Power which has neither been able to protect its mercantile marine nor deal with its enemies in battle. Great Britain is prepared with a stern answer to those who resort to "the scuttling and sinking of ships at night without search or parley by submarine agency." It is to tighten the stranglehold in which Germany is already held. So far, Mr. Churchill said, "we have not attempted to stop imports of food; we have not prevented neutral ships from trading with hostile ports." But he promised that the "Allied Governments" will shortly make a declaration which will have the effect "of applying the full force of naval pressure to the enemy." In this they will have the unanimous support of the various countries. Already the waters have been practically cleared of vessels carrying the German flag. The great task of transporting troops from distant parts of the world has been achieved. Our enemy at sea has been completely beaten; and the establishment of a stern blockade is the next step. The First Lord's proud and confident tone is an echo of what the nation feels.

Not less important was the financial speech made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It used to be said in the time of William Pitt that Great Britain acted the part of rich uncle to the Continental States, in reference to the loans we advanced for the purpose of carrying on the great Continental War. Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is not exactly the same as this, but it is a modification of it. Some of our Allies are straitened for funds. Russia, perhaps the richest country in the world in natural resources, has not yet had time to develop them, and, for reasons which were clearly explained in the speech, Great Britain and France are making an advance to her of £50,000,000 in equal sums on the French and British markets respectively. This is in addition to £32,000,000 advanced to Russia by Great Britain for purchases here and elsewhere, and help of a similar kind given by France. In Paris there was a careful discussion of the project of issuing a joint war loan, but the scheme now outlined was, for good reasons, preferred. Loans

will also have to be made to some of the smaller States who are either in the Alliance or are coming in. The method adopted for mobilising the financial resources of the three great Allies is worthy of the genius with which business and finance have been organised and managed since the beginning of the war.

All who feel anxious about the so-called invasion of Egypt by the Turks will do well to read the contribution by Mr. Douglas Carruthers which we print in another part of the paper. Naturally enough, the imagination of the writer is impressed with the memory of the many expeditions that have wandered across that desert route since the day of the Pharaohs. The desert is now, as it always has been, a formidable barrier to the invader by land, but it is doubly so now that the Suez Canal has to be crossed as well. Without attaching too much importance to the first wild and ill considered attack by the Turkish Army, it has at least shown how difficult it is to attack Egypt by land with a force likely to succeed. The desert is not only the desert, but is also very unsuited for the transport of the large guns and heavy equipment of modern armies. When the Turkish force emerged at the Canal, its trouble had only begun. There is, consequently, very little cause for apprehension on account of the Turkish invasion. The great point is that we should not rely wholly on defence, but by assuming a vigorous offensive render a repetition of the excursion impossible. In that way it would be possible to free troops now in Egypt for work elsewhere. The main idea of the German instigators of the Turks was to keep a portion of the British Army employed in Egypt while it was needed elsewhere.

THE FOREST OF ARGONNE.

("Ah, the beautiful forest, beautiful no longer!"—*A Soldier at the front.*)

Last snowdrop-time, when shone
The cleared sky overhead,
Who dreamed that the trees would don
Blackness of dole and dread,
And the Forest of Argonne
Be the Forest of the Dead?

Withered your fair renown,
Boughs where young birds were fed,
Trunks blackened, burnt, hewn down,
With all your green turned red!
How shall spring miss her crown
Where the battle-trenches spread!

Whistle of shells, rebound
Of shots, and an army's tread,
Echo for requiem round
The slain who for Freedom bled.
The graves rise, mound on mound,
And Beauty hides her head.

Month of the snowdrop, don
Rather the rose blood-red!
The tide of war rolls on—
Silence and Night are wed!
The Forest of Argonne
Is the Forest of the Dead.

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

On February 20th, the day on which this issue will be published, the Cambridge Union celebrates its centenary. It will do so under circumstances of an unusual kind. A vast number of those who would naturally have taken part in the function are serving their country abroad; a few have already won a place in the Roll of Honour, and the whole country is subject to the anxiety which cannot but attend the prosecution of a great war. Nevertheless, we are sure that many of our readers will receive with interest the brief history of the Society which we publish from Dr. Tanner in another part of the paper. There is no one better qualified to be its annalist. He has been treasurer since 1902, and his merits as a writer of history, even were they not so widely known, would be apparent from this vivacious sketch. The story of the Union reflects in a notable way the tides of thought that have swept over the country between the years 1815 and 1915.

Lord Houghton brought his pleasant wit to bear upon the early proceedings of the Society. At first the members had plunged headlong into political discussion, but it would

appear that debates became so absorbing as to interfere with reading, and Dr. Wood, the Vice-Chancellor, in 1817 prohibited them, so that the Union had to exist as a mere reading club until 1821, when Dr. Wordsworth, as Vice-Chancellor, permitted the debates to be restored. A condition was that, although they need not drop politics altogether, they were required to exclude all political questions later than 1800. The consequence was, in Lord Houghton's words, "that we got fervent upon the character of Lord North, and fierce upon the policy of Cardinal Richelieu." Lord Houghton also—but perhaps this was only his jest—says that the question of women's suffrage was once discussed under cover of "The Comparative Merits of Adam and Eve"! Red letter days in the calendar of the Union were those in which Lord Macaulay gave, on the French Revolution, a display of eloquence which, according to Lord Houghton, excelled "in point of power, passion, and effect anything that he afterwards did in the House of Commons," the classical debate at Oxford in 1829 on "The Comparative Merits of Byron and Shelley" and the debates on very important subjects that have marked the history of the Union since 1911. Dr. Tanner's extracts from Mr. Winthrop Mackworth Praed's rhymed description of the speakers of his day makes us, like Oliver, ask for more, and he whets our curiosity about the part played in the debates by "J. K. S."

Some important questions were raised at the annual meeting of the Altrincham Branch of the Cheshire Milk Producers' Association. Those present insisted on the employment of women and children in agriculture, and we think their case is absolutely impregnable. Spokesmen of Labour argue that this would only be furnishing the farmer with cheap labour and filling the places of men who were now serving the country. As far as women are concerned, this contention has very little force behind it. Women of to-day are not fond of farm work, and it is not at all likely that they would care to continue it when the men come back from the war. As to the employment of children, there is nothing whatever in the Labour contention. If the rules are relaxed while the war is going on, they would come into operation again directly it was brought to a close. Nobody in his senses would advocate in these days the permanent employment of children between twelve and fourteen. They would simply have to return to school and their lesson books, and those who are coming on would in the natural course of things follow the school course ordained by the Education Acts. It is as clear as day that there will be very great difficulty in sowing and reaping the crops of 1915 owing to the shortage of adult male labour, and in the difficulty that has arisen the country must do the best it can. But if the farmers receive the help of the women and children it must be a point of honour with them not to let this interfere with the raising of men's wages. We are glad to hear that advances have already been made in Dorset and Bedfordshire.

Another point raised at the meeting was the disposal of a surplus of milk. In the words of the local paper, the *Altrincham Guardian*, Mr. Sadler advocated that "If a farmer has a plentiful supply of milk, he should either only sell a little, so as to maintain the raised standard price, or else sell some of his cows, so as not to have an over-supply of milk." This advice is almost criminal. Milk is one of the most important articles of diet to the sick and the young. It is not produced in sufficient quantity at the present moment, and any chance surplus that occurs during the spring flow ought to be sold fairly and squarely at the price it will bring. Farmers belong to a class which is likely to prosper during the war, and, indeed, is prospering, and therefore has no need to resort to shabby tricks like this for the purpose of increasing profits already very high. We say this without at all desiring to controvert the plea that it may be necessary to raise the price of milk. Feeding stuffs are dear, labour is scarce and will become dearer, and a rise in proportion to the increased cost of production will not be grudged anywhere. But this is a very different matter from holding up an article of food in order to maintain an artificial price.

There is no need to dwell in our columns on the essentially British care for horses. It is exemplified in the keen and copious letters with which equine authorities discuss several important points raised in our correspondence pages. And the interest is not confined to horses at home. A letter sent by Lord Lonsdale to the *Daily Telegraph* last Saturday shows that the horses at the front are as humanely cared for as they could possibly be at home, when the allow-

ance—a considerable one, it must be admitted—is made for the dangers to which they are necessarily exposed. Lord Lonsdale went to the front on a tour of investigation for the purpose of finding out how our four-footed friends were treated, and when he returns satisfied, the general public may well set its heart at ease. He holds that no branch of the Service "deserves more credit or shows more astonishing foresight than do the Army Veterinary Corps and the Remount Department." This is welcome news, but still what might have been expected.

Lord Sydenham of Combe has written for a little book by Mr. Howard d'Egville a short but compendious essay on the question of the possibility of a German invasion of England. He does not consider it to be impossible, simply because the temper of the German people has led their generals to sacrifice life so recklessly on land that it is only natural to assume they would do the same thing on the sea. But he says with certainty that "there is nothing in the history of war which holds out any hope of success," and that "there would be the strongest probability of appalling disaster." From these he concludes that there is no need to retain in England at the present moment forces sufficiently trained to be placed in line with our Allies and actually needed at the front. Our main reliance against invasion must be the Fleet. To transport an army from Germany, the tonnage required is two tons per man and eight tons per horse, so that it is easy to calculate the transport that would be needed for an army corps. To guard and marshal during at least two nights and one whole day a large fleet of helpless transports spread over miles of sea forms an impossible task for a nation whose ships are in a minority both as regards number and weight of guns. Then, finally, if a landing were effected, the landing parties in boats or at the sea line would be exposed to the fire of machine guns and rifles. Napoleon's threat of invasion was bluff, and so apparently is that of the Germans.

THE WILD HORSES.

They heard the call when the stars were dying,
The call of the pastures eastward lying,
Skies were blue when they reached us keeping
Pace with the wind o'er the pampas sweeping.

The grass of the plains before their thunder
Parted and broke and lay trampled under;
Parted and swayed to frame a vision,
Heads flung backward, wild indecision,
Terror of man, speed changed to fire;
Lovely beyond the heart's desire!

When I remember the fate of others
Broken by man in his wars, their brothers,
Comes from the past that picture burning,
Horses uprearing, horses turning,
Flanks their spume on the grasses throwing,
Hoofs forestriking and dark manes flowing,
Gone like a picture of sleep that passes
Leaving the wind to the waving grasses.

Leaving the sun to the pampas sweeping
Far to the east where the sea lay sleeping,
Far to the west where the condor never
Falls from the heights that are his for ever.

HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Our contemporary, the *Church Family Newspaper*, reaches its twenty-first birthday with the current issue, and naturally devotes some space to a review of the events that have taken place during its existence. In the ecclesiastical world personages come to the front and fade away very quickly. In the nature of things a man must be well on in years before he reaches one of the highest positions in the Church, and so it is not altogether surprising to find that those who were in the forefront of the battle twenty-one years ago have passed away now. There was the late Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose son, Mr. A. C. Benson, is one of the most attractive writers of the paper; there was Dr. Maclagan, who was Archbishop of York; and Dr. Temple, who was Bishop of London—all of them great and distinguished men. At that time, too, the greatest party leaders of the day were among the most zealous of Churchmen—Lord Salisbury in his way and Mr. W. E. Gladstone in his. They have all gone out of time into eternity. Amid these inevitable changes our contemporary has held steadily on its way, widening in scope, increasing in liberality and true catholicism of view.

DESERT WARFARE.

IT is a recognised maxim in strategical problems that a desert frontier is the one most easy to defend and most formidable to assault. Mountains, rivers and seas have their difficulties, and are serious obstacles for an invader to tackle, but for impracticability they do not compare with even a narrow zone of barren land, where food and water are non-existent and where bad ground makes transport either laborious or altogether impossible. Battlefields, like the sites of capitals, are not made by man, but are the outcome of geographical position. The chief lines of communication of the world, and consequently the warpaths of nations, are, in like manner, determined by the lie of the land and its physical features. So long, for instance, as Egypt and Palestine are not under one rule, and so long as there is a likelihood of a recurrence of hostility between the Powers that control these two countries, the desert barrier that separates them will be the scene of conflict. Being a narrow neck of land joining two continents, and being the only link between two of the most fertile regions of the earth, it has always been, and will always be, an important line of communication. For the same reason, it must retain its significance from a military standpoint. It chances that the link between Egypt and Asia is cursed by the blight of aridity. But the same providence that caused this area to be useless to man provided the more favoured region of the Nile Valley with an inimitable protection from envious foes. A hundred miles of waste is a better guard against invasion than any other natural feature; it is far less costly than modern fortifications and probably more effective. Yet, in spite of Nature's bulwarks, this area has probably been the scene of more hostility than any other desert in the world. Inexorably, as it were, the silent wilderness has been disturbed by successive waves of migratory hordes and by the continual passing of military expeditions. There is no rest for this land; it seems to attract tragedy.

¶ Turkey and her masters have embarked on an enterprise that compels them to face all the manifest drawbacks of desert warfare. They have challenged Nature, and are confronted by her in her most savage form. It is not a new venture. But in the light of modern conditions and the existence of the Suez Canal—a new obstacle in the way of the invaders which their predecessors did not have to contend with—it is worth while contemplating the consequences that are involved. The desert, Egypt's ancient barrier against

intruding foes, has proved to be a formidable breakwater on to which many an enemy has hurled himself. Their efforts have been met with varying success. Although it has proved of no avail against determined and systematic attacks, it *has* caused a hostile advance on Egypt to be looked upon as a big undertaking. It would be foolish to treat such an obstacle lightly, but with sufficient initiative its difficulties can be successfully surmounted. It is noteworthy that desert frontiers to fertile lands also probably entail the responsibility of wild tribes to be kept at bay. The wilderness that fringed ancient China was a barrier against distant foes, but the nomads actually inhabiting that desert were the source of so much danger that they might be considered the direct cause for the building of the Great Wall. In the same way the early inhabitants of the Nile Valley did not consider Nature's battlements sufficient to repel the wild nomadic tribes that constantly swept in from arid Arabia to raid them. So they supplemented this barrier by lines of fortifications, which ran from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Suez. Nowadays a still more effective barrier has supplanted the crude, though colossal labours of the Ancients, the hostile desert being backed by the Canal, which has rightly been described as "the most formidable military obstacle



EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.



WADI SOLAF.

With desert mountains in the background.

ever constructed by man." Hence the audacity of the Turkish intentions. For they and their allies must accomplish the toil of the desert march, they must arrive in some sort of "fitness," attack carefully prepared positions, succeed in breaking the defensive and cross the Canal before they can rely on getting food and water. It is, in fact, "a long way between drinks"!

There is probably no newer method of dealing with the problems of supply on such a campaign than those employed by Alexander, Napoleon or Ibrahim Pasha. The more adaptable and the better acclimatised to the peculiar conditions are the forces in use the more simple does the problem become. To move bands of Bedouin to and fro across such country would be only asking them to live their everyday lives. No doubt many of the troops being employed by the Turks on the present venture are quite at home in such surroundings, can live hard and travel hard, but there cannot be a very great number of them. Numbers, it should be

noted, have an abnormal influence in the East, where bluff plays such a large part in life. The Arab, in his own inter-tribal wars, depends largely upon giving an exaggerated idea of his numbers and strength. The issue of a desert engagement is often decided without a blow being struck, those in the minority giving in without resistance to those in the majority. Individual prowess is not taken at its value.

It seems doubtful that the true desert warriors—the Bedouin—are being employed in any large extent. Had the big tribes of Arabia been in perfect sympathy with the Turks they might have constituted a formidable array. But the children of Ishmael have not changed; they are still as "unstable as water." Even of those who have been commandeered, with their camels, large numbers have deserted and disappeared into the heart of the wilderness. So the great reserve of desert soldiery remains disused. The successful issue of a desert campaign depends upon a phenomenal ability to tackle the problems of supply and



THE OASIS OF EL ARISH.

of transport. The organisation of these must be perfect in detail and absolutely reliable in action. In the old days, although military operations took much longer to come to a head than they do now, when the antagonists actually joined battle, the result was quickly decided. The decisive battles of the world have generally been decided between dawn and dusk. This is especially the case in Arab tactics. Sudden attack and swift retreat is the secret of desert warfare, for there is no time to waste. It may be recalled that in all former conflicts on the Egypto-Turkish frontier the issue has not long hung in the balance. Alexander entered Egypt a week after he left Gaza, a distance of 120 miles. Napoleon



BEDOUIN SHEIKS OF SINAI.

the retreat which followed on the recent attack on the Canal is without precedent in the history of all former wars for the mastery of the eastern gates of Egypt. As regards the problem of transport, we have an object lesson in Napoleon's Syrian Expedition of 1799. He concentrated about 14,000 picked men—13,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry—he inured his troops to the hardships they were about to undergo, and he formed a special camel corps for scouting. He did not even attempt to move his artillery by land, but essayed to send it by sea. His plan for the transport of this comparatively small force entailed the services of 2,000 camels to carry water for the three days' journey between Katieh and

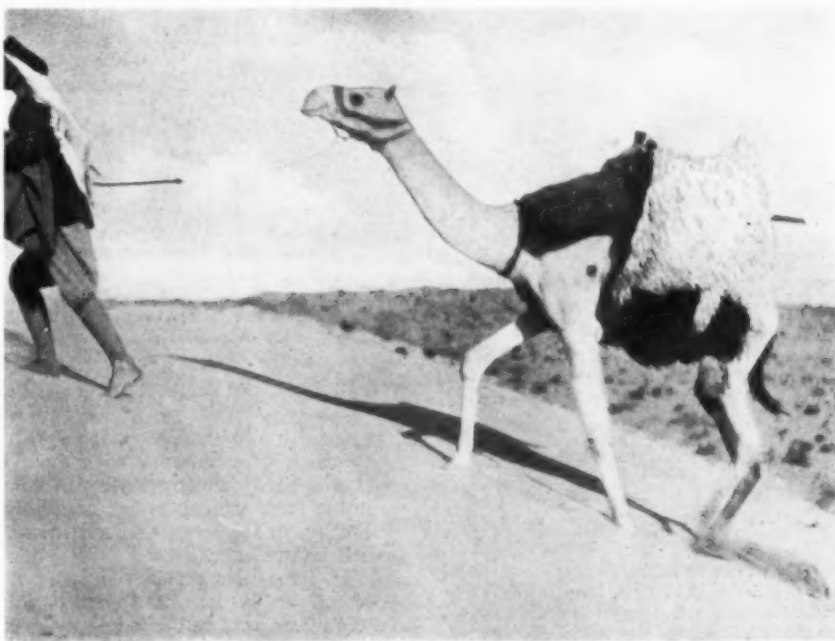


THE COAST ROAD BETWEEN PALESTINE AND EGYPT.

only spent six and a half days on the road between his base at Katieh and his arrival before Gaza. The advance guard of the Turks, in 1800, under Taher Pasha, left El Arish on April 2nd, and actually took Salahieh, on the further side of the present Canal, before the 12th of the month. But in that case, it is true, there was no serious opposition to their advance. Swift and decisive action is evidently the maxim of that particular military undertaking; by the mercy of Allah the prevalent creed of the present day invaders is that "haste is of the devil." It is certain that

El Arish, where the supply was to be replenished. Another 1,000 camels bore provisions for the 14,000 men and 3,000 horses for fifteen days. Besides this, 3,000 mules were set apart solely for the conveyance of baggage. This was no light undertaking, even for such a genius as Napoleon, and, as we know, it ended in a retreat which may be considered the turning point in his career.

Consider for a moment what an army of animals must be necessary for the transport of the 65,000 or more men who are said to be concentrated on the confines of Palestine. Camels will doubtless be



HEAVY GOING OVER LOOSE SAND.

employed in enormous numbers, both on account of their adaptability to foodless and waterless countries, and also because there is an unlimited supply on the eastern borderlands of Syria and Palestine. They are invaluable for patrol work, and unequalled as beasts of burden. But they need careful attention, and are by no means as hardy as one might suppose. So long as they are in condition, well watered and sufficiently fed they will undergo considerable strain, but if asked to do too much they literally go to pieces. The great herds of camels that have, no doubt, been driven in from the Arabian borderlands will never have been ridden or even saddled. Thirteen thousand camel saddles cannot be produced in a hurry, and this is about the number that will be required, estimated by Napoleon's allowance per man. Camels will carry heavy loads on even ground, they are easy to feed compared with horses or even mules, and they do not need water every day. But it must be mentioned that when they do drink they are

in the habit of putting away a phenomenal amount of water. It is the maximum amount of water required that is the point in this case, and is likely to prove unprocurable. The bountiful wells of El Arish, for instance, have been estimated to be capable of supplying the needs of 15,000 to 20,000 men. I do not know the comparative drinking capacity of man and camel, but out of 13,000 camels, not to mention horses, mules and men, there would be many to go thirsty. A still more significant point in the commissariat arrangements is the fact that the desert will very soon be bereft of even its poor camel scrub. For a region which will easily support passing caravans fails under the tax of continuous grazing by innumerable herds.

Looking at the problem of campaigning in the wilderness, it seems that the peculiar physical features of the theatre of action—the poverty of the land—are playing an even bigger part in this venture of the twentieth century than ever they did in days gone by.

DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER has written for the *Essays of Joseph Addison* (Macmillan) a preface which it is difficult to praise in adequate language. It is as delightful as any of the "speculations" it is meant to introduce. And this is a considered verdict from one ill to please. The usual preface to a classic annoys and irritates. Generally the man selected to write it has gained a standing in popular favour and his name is expected to sell the edition. The choice is restricted to one of two types. It may be that he is an authority on his author, in which case he seeks to parade "new light" or to show his learning by fishing up obscure biographical data and fiddling with the text. Some sort of "appreciation" is also expected, and almost invariably it takes, in his case, the form of a boiling up of what has previously been said, and completely lacks evidence of individuality in taste or judgment. Such a preface may suit the young suburban ladies intent on improving their minds by learning what is the proper thing to say about this or that author, but it is worse than useless to anybody else. Alternatively the preface writer may be one of the violent, aggressive, pushing young men of the hour whose art in commanding attention consists in formulating a very decided, perverse, paradoxical opinion and enforcing it with smart phrases and insistent energy. On the rare occasions when an editor of this stamp is right he offends the true book-lover, who is all for the exercise of his own judgment, by standing on the threshold and declaring: "Thus and thus only must the intelligent think." The said book-lover probably classifies him with those who "have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors," and looks out for a text without preface.

How has Sir James Frazer surmounted these difficulties? The reader who will look and see will find a rare treat. First he will enjoy the negative pleasure of not finding what experience had led him to expect. He will not find the passage from Dr. Johnson which has been thought indispensable for the last two hundred years. There is no attempt to analyse Addison's style or to "place" him. There is no discourse on his shortcomings. Yet it would be safe to wager that Sir George knows them as well as most. Instead of these things there is a narrative which flows fresh and clean from one lovingly familiar with the eighteenth century and the old, limpid, fascinating *Spectator* read by the beaux and toasts of London in the days of Good Queen Anne. How much is fact, how much is fancy, the reader may be left to decide. What we do know is that it is true to the spirit of the *Spectator*. Sir George tells us of a pilgrimage to Worcestershire. The relation is very circumstantial, but it leaves behind a faint impression of something that never was on sea or land, like a landscape described from "mine own apartment." At any rate, here is Worcestershire:

the green landscape, with its field and meadows, its winding rivers fringed by pale willows, its old manors embosomed in trees, its peaceful villages nestling round the churches with their grey, time-worn spires or ivied towers, and they floated silently, like a dream of heaven, past the window at which I sat. Over all rested, like a benediction, the blue sky flecked with white clouds of a lovely October day.

He goes on to tell us that "I have visited all Sir Roger's old haunts and seen them with my own eyes," and as with magic he conjures up the long avenue of elms with rooks cawing, the ivy-clad ruins of the abbey, Sir Roger's "square high-backed pew of black oak just under the pulpit," the family portraits and particularly that of Sir Roger himself.

I came on it suddenly, and without a hint of whom it represented. For I had asked of the kind owner of the Hall, that I might walk by myself for a little in the long gallery and give myself up, without interruption, to the meditations which the place was fitted to evoke. I was pacing up and down in a fit of musing. It was near sunset, and the light was failing; but suddenly the departing luminary broke through a bank of clouds in the west, and his long level beams, shooting through a lofty oriel, fell full on a portrait which at once riveted my attention. I could not mistake it. The tall, slender, graceful figure—the features of almost feminine delicacy—the frank, honest blue eyes—the pleasant smile—the air of old-world courtesy—all tinged and, as it were, fused into tenderness by something child-like and appealing, almost pathetic—it was Sir Roger himself. He is dressed in hunting costume, with his dogs about him and a rather florid landscape in the background. The portrait is youthful; there is a doubt whether it is by Lely or Kneller. I am no great judge of pictures, but it seemed to me to be in the best manner of Lely.

Following the story of this pilgrimage is a letter showing "the sad fate of Mr. William Honeycomb, who was cut off by an untimely marriage." It is a good letter in Addison's best style. But a little textual criticism such as that at which Sir J. G. Frazer mocks would be sufficient to show that the language is not eighteenth century. "The smile that had begun to dawn on his face" and "the shadow that crossed his brow" are phrases endeared to us by the nineteenth century novelist, and "the cockles of his heart," though an expression older than the age of Queen Anne, is not in the Addison manner. Addison never wrote "squirred."

In the dream with which the preface is concluded we get a very fine picture of London as it must have been in "Malbrouck's" time.

The few passengers I saw were dressed so oddly, the women in great hooped petticoats and bright hoods, with black patches on their faces, and the men in cocked hats, bag-wigs, knee-breeches, and coats of all the colours in the rainbow, with long rapiers dangling at their sides. Then I was surprised at the number of old black-timbered houses, which somehow I had never noticed before, though they stood out boldly enough with their tall gables projecting over the street, their wooden galleries, their casement windows with little diamond-shaped panes of glass, and their gay signboards flaunting in the sun.

How those times resembled ours in one respect is made apparent by the messenger from Dover, spent with hard riding and all bespattered with mud, spurring through the streets of St. James', carrying in his pocket the news of "another great victory in the Low Countries," which occurs, by the by, in the letter and not in the dream, but it might have been in either.

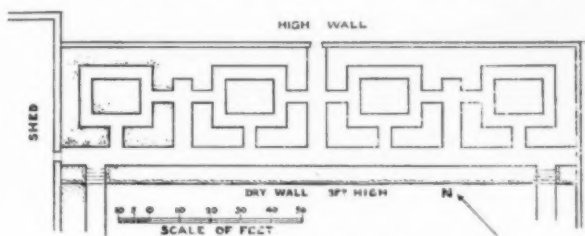
Sir James Frazer has in this most original manner recovered for us the atmosphere of London as it was when the *Spectator* was published daily. There are few readers who will not be ready to admit that the method is felicitous and perfect.

IN THE GARDEN.

IN THE GARDEN AT MOUNTON HOUSE.

ALTHOUGH Mounton House, the subject of last week's "Country Home," was only recently completed, the portion of its grounds that occupies a limestone gorge is quite a dozen years old, and was described in an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE on September 10th, 1910. Since then it has still further matured, and when our photographer revisited it last August it presented a scene of peaceful luxuriance, in strong contrast to the gardens of our Allies, the Belgians, already devastated by a ruthless invader. The picture now given represents a group of the giant Meadow-sweet, with the wooded cliff behind it. It is set near enough to the babbling brook to profit by the dampness and sends up strong but numerous shoots, which call for liberal thinning so that the survivors may rise to a height of 8ft. or more, and be of such stoutness that they will withstand the wind without any support, and thus retain to the full their natural gracefulness. Just showing on the left-hand side is an outlier of a colony of Fleabane, whose lance-like stems and flower-heads contrast pleasantly with the broad leaves and flattish heads of the Spiraea, while they rise from a golden bed of dwarf Helenium. Thus a good late summer effect is produced, replacing an earlier display of Crane's-bills, Columbines and other June flowerers.

The second picture shows a quite different gardening aspect, for, as the house on its open tableland is approached, Nature gives way to formalism, geometric beds replace natural planting and high walls are substituted for rocky tree-clad banks. Some of the terraces appear in the house pictures, but the less architectural parterre is shown with this article, together with



PLAN OF PARTERRE.

its plan. It occupies a space about 170ft. long by 45ft. wide. Facing south-west it is raised, by means of an Alpine-clad dry wall, 3ft. above the croquet lawn, and overlooks the fertile flats by Severn's side, the silver streak of the estuary itself and the Somerset hills beyond. On all other sides it is protected by wall and building, so that though south-westers, arriving straight from the Atlantic, dictate the choice of dwarf-growing plants, except near the walls, the more tender subjects do not suffer from Boreas' icy blasts. The parterre is composed of broad ways laid with self-faced Yorkshire paving, and of ample-sized beds and borders. The plan is of great simplicity. This is a place for flowering plants, and the whole effect is to be produced by them. The setting is to show them off, not to assert itself and vie with them. Against the walls are placed, together with Wisterias and climbing Roses, somewhat delicate shrubs, such as Crinodendron Hookeri and Olearia macrocephala, Feijoa sellowiana and Teucrium latifolium, Illicium floridanum and anisatum, Escallonia revoluta and pterocladum. These are still in a young state, and few as yet peer above the seven foot high Golden Rods and Heleniums that stand in the borders before them at the ends of the parterre devoted to reds and yellows, or the tall Larkspurs and Asters that occupy a like position in the central region, where blues and pinks predominate.

The four large oblong beds are each set with 100 Dwarf Polyantha Roses, of which Orleans and Mrs. Cutbush have proved the most satisfactory, both in vigour of growth and persistence of flowering. Lavender Violas edge and fill all gaps in these Rose colonies. The L-shaped beds placed in front of the oblongs are what show best in the picture. The early display of Delphinium Persimmon and Mrs. Thompson, both dwarf growers of fine form and colour, of pink Paeonies and Sweet Williams, of blue Irises and rose Helianthemums is over, and their place is



GIANT MEADOW-SWEET IN THE WILD GARDEN.

taken by Sedum spectabile, Eryngiums alpinum and oliverianum, Scabious and Aster Thomsoni. Why is this Aster not more used? At Mounton House and at the owner's other garden at Mathern Palace we find it, in different aspects, flourishing by the dozen and even hundred. No Michaelmas Daisy has a



THE PAVED PARTERRE: LOOKING S.W. OVER BRISTOL CHANNEL AND MENDIPS.

pleasanter blue or more shapely flower. It is dwarf and holds itself up admirably. Its flower season lasts from the end of July till the beginning of October. It occupies little space while early bloomers hold sway, but lightly arches its flowering stems over their remnants later on. It is not difficult to grow, its only bad trick being to rot away in winter. But this it seldom does after withstanding one year, and not at all if the position is open and the soil fairly light and well drained. In the red and yellow end regions, the corresponding beds are liberally set with Geum Mrs. Bradshaw and Potentilla Gibson's Scarlet, both of which have an exceptionally vigorous habit and long blooming season. Gaillardias and Coreopsis, Kniphofias and Pentstemons add their quota to the wealth of flower. On the other side of the long 6ft. wide paved way is a narrow border, influenced by the alpine

region of the dry wall; but among lower growths Snapdragons are freely set. The dry wall produces such good drainage that they live through one or more winters, and thus, in their second year, are covered with bloom by June, and, with judicious removal of seeding heads, come forth again and again in their brightness till October closes. The Mouton parterre is an attractive spot. In summer one bends one's steps thither in the cool of the evening. In spring and autumn—nay, in winter, even—the protective walls allow one to bask warmly in the midday sun. During most of the year the immediate environment is engaging. At all times the wide and changing outlook is delightful. The Avonmouth lights, both fixed and revolving, carry on the interest even into the darkness of night.

PLANTING ROSES IN EARLY SPRING.

OWING, no doubt, to the oft reiterated advice that Roses ought to be planted in early autumn, i.e., during the latter part of October and the first three weeks of November, there is some danger of the value of early spring planting being overlooked. That the advice quoted above is quite sound from a cultural standpoint, no one with any intimate knowledge of Roses would have the temerity to deny. Apart also from anything to do with cultivation, those who are experienced in Rose growing know that in normal seasons one is more likely to obtain better bushes from the nurseryman in the autumn, when he has a bountiful stock to draw from, than in spring, when the ranks of his plants have been severely depleted. This year, owing to the decreased demand last autumn, most nurserymen have plenty of sturdy bushes of nearly all varieties, hence one need have no hesitation in advocating planting during the next few weeks. Three years ago I found it necessary to plant about 200 Roses during the second week in March, and these gave quite as good results the following June and July as those planted at the orthodox autumn period. Certainly with spring planting the danger sometimes experienced with newly planted Roses from severe and prolonged frost is avoided, and in very cold districts it is quite possible that early March planting would average better results than November.

The Treatment of Soil.—The preparation of soil depends very largely on what kind of ground one has to deal with. In my own garden I am fortunate enough to possess good loam to a depth of 3 ft. (I have not excavated further), and this, where the Roses are planted, has never been dug more than 1 ft. deep. Such a statement, I know, will sound like rank heresy to expert cultivators, but the decision to refrain from costly trenching operations has been more than justified by the flourishing condition of the Roses. A hedge of Grüss an Teplitz and Gloire de Dijon, planted three years ago this March and cut almost level to the ground at the time, is now 6 ft. high, and most of the plants have stems 1½ in. in diameter. Naturally, when the digging was done a fair supply of well decayed manure was incorporated, and top-dressings have been attended to since, but I mention it as an instance where text books need not always be followed. If, however, one has stiff clay soil to deal with, where the lower stratum is of rock-like consistency, or maybe composed of chalk, there is no doubt that it would be wisest to break it up, at the same time mixing with it a liberal quantity of partially decayed manure. Very sandy or gravelly soil is undoubtedly the worst that a would-be Rose grower has to contend with, and here it will be desirable

to excavate as much as possible of the worst of the gravel or sand, and replace it with good loam, adding to the whole plenty of manure from the cowshed or pigsty. This preparatory work, as well as the ordering of the Roses, ought to be done at once.

Some Mistakes in Planting.—To mistakes made in the actual planting of Roses more failures can probably be attributed than anything else. Fortunately, in spring planting one great danger is almost non-existent. I refer to over-wet soil. Too often when late autumn or winter planting is done the earth is of almost bog-like consistency, and when made firm around the roots by treading more resembles brick earth than a suitable rooting medium for Roses or anything else. In spring, however, a dry day or two will quickly render the whole sufficiently friable for the work to be properly done. If heavy clay is being dealt with, it is advisable to mix up a few barrow-loads of good potting material, and place a spadeful or two of this under and around the roots. Too deep planting is a frequent source of partial or total failure. A good guide in bush Roses is to plant to the point where the Rose proper was budded on the stock. This is plainly observable even by one not accustomed to Roses. With standards, which are budded at the top of the main stem, a good rule to follow is to plant an inch deeper than the tree was growing in the nursery, though with this type of Rose an inch or two deeper does not matter very much. The careful cutting away of all broken roots, and the shortening back of long, fibreless ones, ought to be carefully attended to and, above all, the soil must be well shaken between the roots and subsequently trodden firm.

Some Suggestions for Rose Beds.—Although the arrangement of colours is very largely a question of individual taste, it may be useful to give particulars of some effective beds that I have either arranged myself or seen in other gardens. There is no doubt that the ideal Rose bed is one containing bushes of one variety only, but this does not appeal to everyone owing to a perfectly natural desire to include as much variation in the garden as possible. The indiscriminate mixing of a number of varieties in one bed, however, ought not to be tolerated. The following, entirely different as they are, should appeal to a very wide range of tastes—(1) A crimson and white bed: Frau Karl Druschki and Hugh Dickson or Lieutenant Chauré, planted 18 in. apart and the long growths pegged down. (2) Mrs. Herbert Stevens, white, planted 15 in. apart, and edged with the scarlet crimson Polyantha variety Jessie, planted 1 ft. apart. (3) A bed of General Macarthur, crimson, planted 18 in. apart and edged with the dwarf white Polyantha Rose Katherine Zeimet, 1 ft. apart. (4) A bed of yellow Roses, with Duchess of Wellington planted 18 in. apart in the centre or at the back, followed by Marquise de Sinety or Mme. Ravary the same distance asunder, and finished with Lady Hillingdon, which may be planted rather closer. (5) Salmon pink bed: Pharisæer in centre or at the back, with Mme. Leon Pain in the foreground. (6) Pink Polyantha Roses: Orleans in centre or at back, with Phyllis in the foreground. (7) Tea Roses, good for light soil: Corallina with Molly Sharman Crawford or Mrs. Herbert Stevens. (8) Crimson and yellow: Richmond in centre or at back, with Arthur R. Goodwin or Rayon d'Or in front. If preferred, Richmond could be planted alternately with Louise Catherine Breslau. (9) Single Roses: Irish Elegance, Irish Fireflame and Irish Beauty planted alternately, 18 in. apart. (10) Monthly or China Roses: Common Pink in centre or at back, with Irene Watts in front. (11) Pernetiana Roses: Cissie Easlea, Mme. Edouard Herriot and Lyon planted alternately; all of yellowish or coppery pink shades. (12) The Common Pink Monthly or China Rose with Lavender, in the proportion of two Rose bushes to one of Lavender.

Pruning.—If the planting is done the second or third week in March, pruning may be attended to almost at once; but this operation will be fully dealt with in COUNTRY LIFE dated March 20th. F. W. H.

THE MYSTERY OF PÈRE DAVID'S DEER

THE remarkable cervine, known in Europe as Père David's deer and in China as the milou, or hie-lou, is now only to be found in the Duke of Bedford's park at Woburn Abbey, where a herd of between eighty and ninety have been successfully reared. A denizen of Northern China, this species has in modern times never been seen in the feral state; and although the deer of Asia are now becoming fairly well known, thanks to the enterprise of British sportsmen and naturalists, no wild specimen has within the last fifty years been heard of. Père David's deer (*Elaphurus davidianus*) was first revealed to zoologists by the exertions of Father David, a French missionary who was interested in natural history and managed to procure a type specimen, the skin and antlers of which are now in the Paris Museum. Père David found this species existing only in a semi-domesticated state in the Imperial Park at Peking, and apparently never



PÈRE DAVID'S DEER
(*Elaphurus davidianus*).

heard of the animal in the feral state. This was in the sixties of the last century. Some few living specimens were then procured and made their appearance in various European zoological gardens. In 1869 the Zoological Society of London received a pair from the late Sir Rutherford Alcock, and another pair was purchased by the Society in 1883. The present Duke of Bedford, so well known for his interest in zoology and his magnificent collection of living animals at Woburn, procured specimens some years back, and from them has been enabled to raise his fine herd of these deer. During the Boxer rising in China in 1900 the remaining Père David's deer, kept in the Emperor's park at Peking, were killed off. All other living specimens in Continental collections have died out, and the Duke of Bedford's herd now represents, so far as can be ascertained, the very last of these curious and unique cervines now left to the world.

The best description of Père David's deer is to be found in

Mr. R. Lydekker's "The Deer of All Lands," a scarce and costly folio not easily accessible to the general public. In this work the height of a good stag is given as 3ft. 9in. at the shoulder, which is nearly equal to that of a large red deer. The general body colour is reddish tawny, with a tinge of grey, the underparts whitish grey. The rump and the inner side of the thighs are yellowish white of hue. The chest, neck and lower portion of the throat are dark brown. On the neck and forepart of the back is to be found a blackish brown longitudinal stripe, and the chest has a similar marking. The tail is long, reaching to the hocks, and the terminal tuft is dark, blackish brown. The throat and neck are, in the adult males, maned. The head is large, having a long, narrowish muzzle, and the ears and eyes are both somewhat smaller than those of the red and other large deer. The upper part of the face beneath the horns is light brown. Round the eyes is found a pale, almost white, circle, and the inner parts of the black tipped ears are white, as is the chin. The antlers, by which this deer can be at once picked out, are totally distinct from those of any other cervine. They are at first simple in structure, rising in the plane of the forehead, with one very long fork or tine running backwards and two more on top, one nearly upright, the other pointing back. As the stag grows older these main tines throw out a large number of points, as may be seen from the first illustration. I am indebted for this picture to the courtesy of Messrs. Rowland Ward, who set up the specimen, which came from the Duke of Bedford's collection at Woburn. There is no other type of deer antler that resembles this very singular head. The type specimen, first procured by Père David, now in the Paris Museum, shows 21 points—11 + 10; the extreme length of the antlers on the outside curve reaching 30½in. The Smithsonian Institution of the United States, however, possesses a head, originally from Woburn, which measures as much as 34½in. in length, and in this respect constitutes a record. This specimen carries 20 points—13 + 7. The most extraordinary pair of antlers of this strange deer, however, belongs to the mess of the

10th Punjabi Infantry. Its place of origin is unknown. The head measures 33½in. in extreme length, coming next to the Smithsonian specimen, and carries no fewer than 38 points—21 on one antler and 17 on the other. The Duke of Bedford has a good head from his herd at Woburn, which measures 32in. in length and carries 18 points—10 + 8. I am greatly indebted to the Duchess of Bedford for the very interesting photograph, here reproduced, of a group of these deer in the park at Woburn Abbey. This deer is heavy, almost clumsy in build, having, as may be seen, stout limbs and big, spreading hoofs. The lateral or false hoofs are, also, very pronounced. The appearance of the feet indicate that this is a marsh-loving species, accustomed to moist and boggy places, where the long and spreading hoofs would be of advantage. This surmise is borne out by the fact that these deer in the herd at Woburn are in the summer accustomed to wade out far into the lakes, and are even to be seen swimming in the deeper water. "At this season," says Mr. Lydekker, "their food consists chiefly of rushes and various other water plants." The stags call in June and July, which may be looked upon as the normal rutting time. Their cry is described as a kind of bray, more like that of a donkey than the roar of other deer. The antlers are shed in November and December. The females are somewhat lighter coloured than the males, and the young, which are at first thickly spotted with white, are of a reddish brown hue, with a tinge of yellow. The gait of this animal is described as "a kind of 'lolloping' trot, recalling more the action of a mule than that of a deer; and its whole carriage, although almost impossible to describe, is totally unlike that of any other deer." Another singular feature is that in captivity, at all events, the stags frequently shed their antlers twice a year.

The mystery of this singular deer is at present complete and impenetrable, and there seems now little prospect of our ever finding any real solution to it. Whence did the species come and what was their place of origin? The Chinese can, apparently, tell us nothing. How long were



A HERD OF PERE DAVID'S DEER IN WOBURN PARK.

From a photograph by the Duchess of Bedford.

the original herd held captive in the Imperial Park at Peking? Possibly as far back as the coming of the Manchu Dynasty in 1644; possibly they had been maintained there long before the arrival of those conquerors. Or did the Manchus bring the breed with them from their Tartar home of origin, as our own Royal Family brought their cream-coloured horses from Hanover in 1715? It is a very curious fact, well worth remembering, that the Chinese have for ages held the curious belief that the antlers of stags of various species, especially those in velvet, when ground to powder and taken as medicine, form a powerful curative in cases of sterility and impotence. So great is the demand for this medicine that male deer all over Eastern and Central Asia are being steadily reduced in numbers solely for the value of their antlers, which sell for a large price. It is now well known that various Central Asian chiefs keep tame wapiti for purposes of this trade, and annually saw off their horns when in the velvet. An average pair of these antlers realise as much as from 100 roubles to 120 roubles (£10 to £12). Similarly Mr. Frank Wallace tells us that numbers of the Kansu deer (*Cervus Kansuensis*) of Western Kansu, China, are maintained in captivity for exactly the same purpose. May not the Manchu Emperors or their predecessors, therefore, have maintained Père David's deer for a like reason, as their own special brand of medicine yielders? And may not this species have been selected for the very reason that the stags often produce antlers twice in the year—a very generous yield? All this, however, does not explain the singular fact that Père David's deer has in modern times never been found anywhere except in the Imperial Park at Peking. In Britain our fallow deer were, apparently, never indigenous. They are supposed to have been introduced

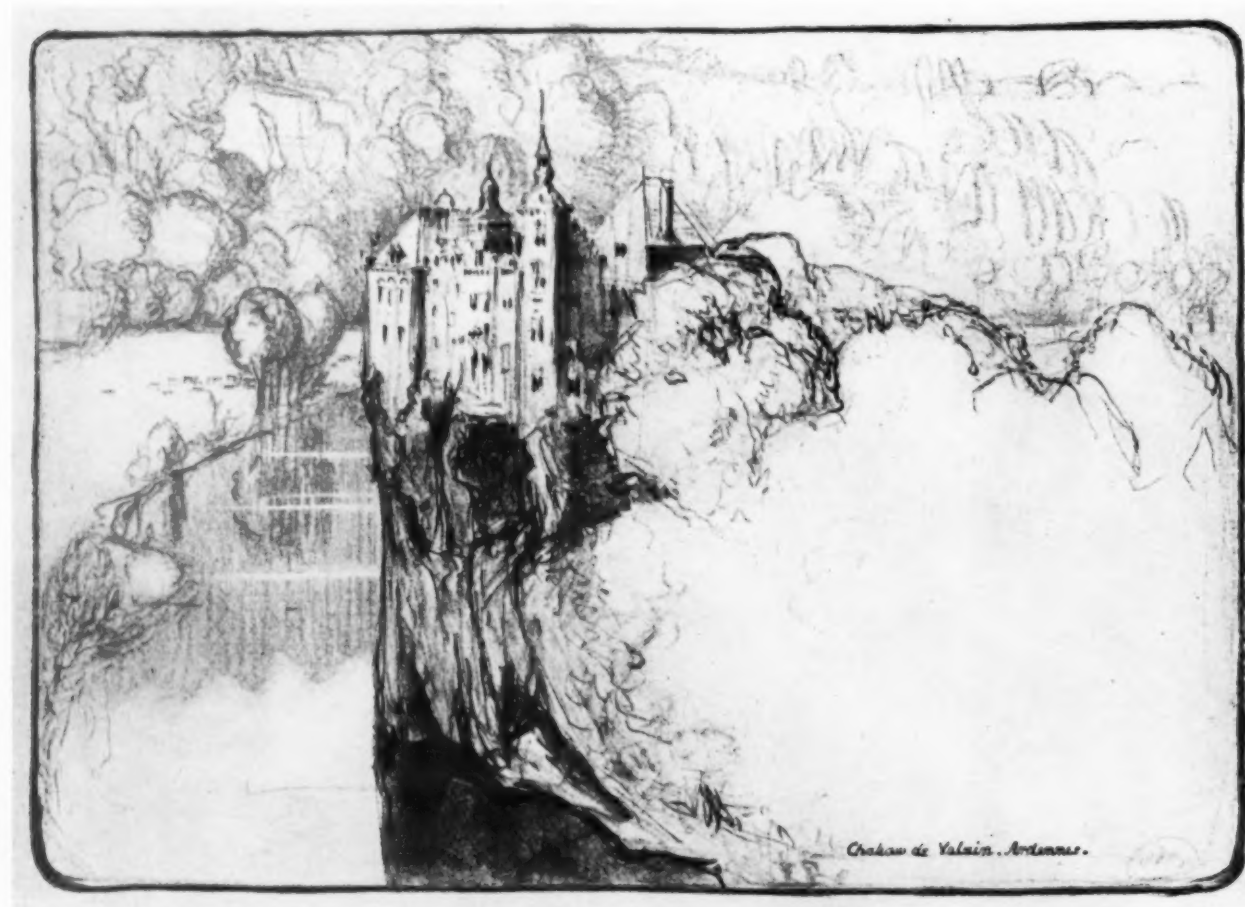
by the Romans, and have been maintained almost entirely as semi-feral or park animals for many centuries. But Père David's deer has, presumably, never had the same vogue in China as the fallow deer in Britain, having been known in modern times in but one tiny corner of that vast empire, the Peking Imperial Park. The mystery is as impenetrable as it is extraordinary.

Père David's deer is probably the last remnant of an extremely ancient race. Fossil remains have been recorded from Japan, according to Mr. Lydekker. The general opinion of scientists seems to be that the species is most closely connected with the American deer. It certainly has little in common with the deer of the Old World, and it is to be remembered that Asia and America were once joined, and that certain of the ancient fauna wandered in ages past freely over what are now separate continents. This deer is probably doomed to extinction, and will have to be numbered with the dodo, the blaauwbok and the quagga, the last of which only vanished from the plains of South Africa within the last fifty years. The herd at Woburn Abbey is at present fairly healthy; but in-and-in breeding from so small a stock augurs ill for the strength of the race, and an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease or some other ailment might at any time carry off the last remnants of this singular and mysterious cervine. Zoologists are much indebted to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford for having so long and so carefully preserved the present herd. The Duchess informs me that up to the end of 1913 the history of the herd was, briefly, as follows: 18 had been imported, 137 born, 47 had died, 35 had been killed, and 1 had been sent away. Twenty calves were born last year (1914), and the present herd numbers in all 88 head. H. A. BRYDEN.

CONCERNING LITHOGRAPHY.

THE renaissance of lithography as a means of artistic expression is one of the most significant triumphs of the hand over the mechanical process. It began in the eighteen-seventies, at a time when the wizardry of photographic reproduction had not yet

arisen to kill engraving on wood and the hand etching of copper for book illustration. It was no earlier than 1798 that Senefelder's tentative efforts to etch on polished stone, instead of on copper, were crowned by the discovery of true lithography or printing from the surface of the stone. It



CHATEAU DE VALZIN, ARDENNES.

From a lithograph by Anthony R. Barker.



SEGESTA: THE TEMPLE OVER THE CANYON.

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell.

was a German who made the necessary invention, who mastered the chemistry of the ink; but it was in France that lithography blossomed into an art. By the sixties of last century in England it had sunk to the basest commercial uses and seemed wholly dead for all æsthetic purpose. It is to the eternal honour of Thomas Way, himself a lithographer, who died only last year, that, in 1874, he began his efforts to restore this medium to its old dignity. He was craftsman rather than artist, and sought to Whistler for help. That nimble spirit grasped the opportunity, but

artist and craftsman alike preached to a deaf public, and Whistler lithographs could be bought for anything from a penny to sixpence apiece! One has sold of late years for a hundred pounds.

When at long last—it was not until about 1890—art workers at large began to grasp the significance of lithography as reborn, it inevitably progressed in a fashion somewhat *précieux*. It is only of late that full advantage has been taken of the fine facility of the art by the use of lithographs for posters on underground railways. Senefelder

has become once more a prophet, and his greatest monument is the work of the members of the Senefelder Club. These brief notes serve only to introduce the accompanying illustrations reproduced from typical lithographs.

Pride of place must be given to the work of Mr. Joseph Pennell, who has done more than any other living artist to

use of black, conveys a subtle feeling of evening sunshine. The picture of Segesta, showing the temple perched on the summit of a rocky hill, illustrates no less clearly the vigour with which landscape can be interpreted in a lithograph. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that this medium is only suited to the rugged manner in which Mr. Pennell,



THE COLUMNS OF JOVE, ATHENS: EVENING.

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell.

restore lithography to its rightful position among the fine arts. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE have already seen reproductions of some of his magnificent series of lithographs of Greek temples, and two more now appear. They show that this medium is peculiarly suited to Mr. Pennell's temperament. "The Columns of Jove, Athens, Evening," is a notable study of architectural mass, and, despite the single

and his admirers no less, rejoice. Our first illustration is reproduced from one of a set of six by Mr. Anthony R. Barker. The extreme delicacy with which the Château de Valzin, Ardennes, is shown clinging to its overhanging rock is as different as may be from Mr. Pennell's broad effects, but is not less justified. Unfortunately, the reproduction can only slightly indicate, by a difference of strength between

foreground and background, that this is printed in two colours, the château and its rock in black, and the distant stream and trees in a dull red. Other lithographs in Mr. Barker's portfolio, notably a view of Antwerp, show an even greater delicacy, which it is not too much to compare with dry point. It may here be added that only a hundred sets of these lithographs have been printed, and that the entire proceeds, less the actual cost of printing, are to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. (The First Belgian Portfolio, £5 5s., to be obtained from the artist, 49r, Oxford Street, W.)

All art must be judged by what it intends as well as by what it accomplishes. It is precisely because lithography makes possible to the artist so wide a range of expression that it has come so nobly into its own during the last few years. The lithographs by Mr. Pennell and Mr. Barker which we have reproduced are suggestions rather than records. They mark the liberty of the artist to choose his elements and to set them down as he sees them. Our final illustration, "Temple at Luxor," is from a lithograph by Mr. Palmer-Jones. It makes an interesting pendant to the other three as showing that aesthetic quality in a lithograph is perfectly compatible with faithful representation of things as they are. It would be less than just to Mr. Palmer-Jones to say that his work has the faithfulness of a photograph, because it has much more, but the comparison may be made as emphasising that accuracy of record in a lithograph may march with fine artistic expression.

RUSSIAN SKETCHES & OPINIONS.

"FRIENDLY RUSSIA"

by Denis Garstin (Fisher Unwin), is a book of short sketches and impressions of Russian people and Russian life. It is introduced by a friendly foreword from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells, and should be received in a friendly manner, though were Russia not fighting as our Ally in the war and so regarded by us all as friendly, no doubt another title would have been deemed more suitable for this book of sketches. Most of the book is written about Russian life in the Crimea and on the shores of the Black Sea, and one feels the charm of the golden sunshine, the freedom of manners and customs in this land of *mitchevo*—never mind—as Mr. Garstin aptly names this Southern Russian country. It should be amusing and interesting to read the author's experiences of Russia, and to enjoy with him his experiences while trying to express himself in a difficult foreign tongue. He contrasts the Russia of his daily life and knowledge with the traditional Russia—Russia as a land of snow and wolves, savage oppression and barbarity. The fertile and smiling Crimea certainly offered itself in delightful contrast.

"The magical evenings, that changed the glaring, golden mountains into dim mysterious heights, enjoyed lazily from the cliff edge, where we watched the Turkish fishermen pulling in their nets until in the moonlight the verandas gleamed against the rich black shadows, and we went in for coffee; nights like Sim's pictures, incredibly beautiful, with occasional fireworks streaking the sky and swooping up to eclipse the myriad stars for a moment, then dying in a blaze of glory. White triangular sails flapped in the little breeze as boats went by; someone playing on a balalaika would stop, and one could hear the flop-flop of waves against the bows—for a moment only, then a girl's voice would begin a folk-song, and her companions join in the insistent chorus. Formalities soon grow dim in that atmosphere. It is a friendly life, and London and evening dress seem very far away."

"I settled down very happily to a life of pleasant homeliness. My Christian name became Russified, my father's Christian name was also given me with —ovitch (son of) added, and as such I was known by friends and servants. Through the latter I began to learn Russian; they would talk to me for hours about their own lives or inquire about mine. It was a life of extreme simplicity, of little variety, of general kindness."

"The romance of Russia lies not in passionate savagery but in a charming simplicity—at least that is the charm of the Russia I have visited and where I hope to return. The pleasant, easy life among pleasant, easy people comes back to me sometimes with an insistence that makes me smell again the hot dust and the leather and the cabbage soup and the amber-coloured tea, and I heard the kindly 'Zdrast'ee Denis Normánovitch,' from black-bearded workmen stopping their songs, as they trudged home over the dunes, to wish me well."

Mr. Garstin himself is really friendly to Russia when he helps English people to understand that Russians have their own freedom—in contrast to the freedom of English people.

"Oh, that England of yours! It's an extraordinary land," he said. "We Russians have our priests, it is true, but you have them also in another

form—in one form, rather—the conventions. Oh, the things I have seen in England, the silly little rules even in the family. You must sit—so; you must eat—so; you must speak—so; you must walk—so; you must think—so; you must lead all your life—just so. And if you do not, 'people will talk.' But we in Russia can do as we like, we are free. One day, perhaps, we will govern ourselves, and our police will be our helpers and not our tyrants, and we will become civilised—just so. But I will be dead then, thank God! Tell me, is it better to be free in one's politics or in one's home among one's friends? Answer me that—not now, but when you go home again and find yourself a slave."

And when he records that a Russian workman from Odessa who had been to England thought the working people of London poor.

"Well," I said, "and London—is it as you expected?"

"Not a bit," he answered.

"Finer?" I said, confidently.

"Well, you don't always grope through fogs, as I thought."

"But the city?" I asked.

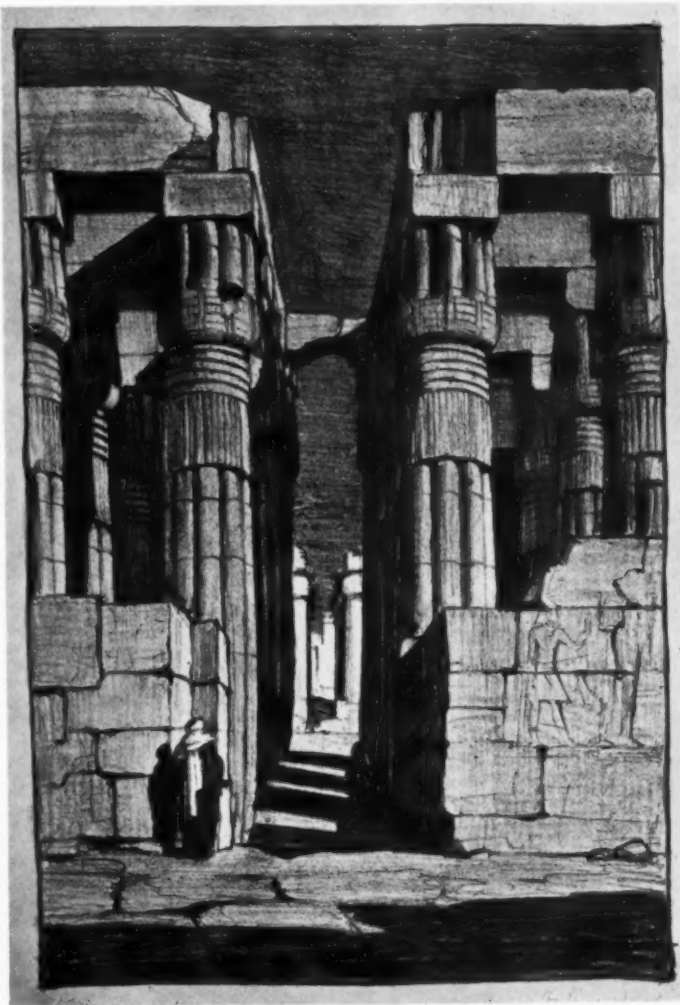
"The English," he said, "are very polite, very kind."

I saw that he was evading my point and pressed him for an answer.

"Then," he replied, "I will tell you." The labourer from the slums of Odessa paused for a moment, unwilling to spoil my pride

in this city. . . . "Oh," he cried, "the people, your poor people, they are so terribly poor! I have never seen anything like it. It is awful!"

The Britons who "never will be slaves" are often unable to understand the kind of freedom demanded by others, and their notion of our own slavery to habit, convention and custom. The last sixty pages of the book deal with the scenes which occurred at the outbreak of war. As the author went home at the commencement of hostilities, he has really very little to say about the war or its significances for Russia, but his accounts of the demonstrations in Moscow, the attack on the German Embassy at Petrograd, his journey to the Swedish frontier, are given in a cheerful and interesting manner. The whole book shows appreciation of the Russians and of their ideals, or, at least, of some of them, for Mr. Garstin has evidently little personal understanding of the deeply religious and mystical view of life shown forth in the lives of the peasant pilgrims and in the books and pictures of Russian artists and novelists. The book is not an ambitious one, though Mr. Wells hails the author as a new recruit to the small band of able writers about the real Russia. Mr. Garstin himself modestly disclaims any interpretive mission. He has "a feeling"—as a Russian said to him once, and stopped for lack of expression. But he helps to give us that "feeling," and when he has a broader background of knowledge of the vast Russian land we may look forward to more of these unaffected descriptions of the life of the Russian people.



TEMPLE AT LUXOR.

From a lithograph by W. J. Palmer-Jones.



FARFIELD HALL is something of a puzzle architecturally. It is stated in Whitaker's *History of Craven* that the house was built from a plan by Lord Burlington, and Whitaker's comment on it is as follows: "It is a beautiful piece of architecture which some persons may not like the worse because all the members of it are what is now called heavy; that is, have projection enough to produce effect. A part, however, of the ponderous blocking course might have been spared." This criticism is natural enough for the time when it was written (a hundred and nine years ago), when very refined treatment was the fashion.

Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork, may justly be called the "great Lord Burlington," because of the munificent patronage which he accorded to all the arts, and particularly to architecture. Pope exclaimed in his praise, "Who plants like Bathurst or who builds like Boyle?" Critics have not been wanting who have claimed that Burlington was nothing but a poseur, whose achievements were no more than any amateur of means might have accomplished with the power to purchase professional talent. It would not be fair to dismiss him so shortly. He was only a boy of nine when he succeeded to the title in 1704, and, like many another of his contemporaries, made the Grand Tour in the year

1714. He was then nineteen years of age and was accompanied by the steward of his Bolton Abbey Estate, George Myers, who died shortly after they returned to England. The story is that Farfield Hall was built to Burlington's design as a residence for Myers' widow, on a site which belonged to her family. The only definite guide as to date afforded by the building itself is an inscription on the house bell, which reads, "Come away, make no delay, 1728." On general grounds it would seem unlikely that Lord Burlington would delay building this house for Mrs. Myers until fourteen years after the death of his old friend and steward, if it was a question of his meeting the cost of the work, but we know nothing as to that. The sole information is that he planned the house. On architectural grounds there is much to be said for accepting the date on the bell. Colin Campbell edited the first three volumes of *Vitruvius Britannicus*, and Lord Burlington, no doubt, contributed to the cost of the publication, as was his wont. Campbell describes him as "not only a great Patron of all Arts, but the first Architect." These are obviously the words of an obliged servant, for the architectural designs which can faithfully be attributed to Lord Burlington are interesting rather than great. In this book Campbell illustrates the Casino at Chiswick, built in 1717, and notes that it was "the first essay of His Lordship's happy invention."





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THE GARDEN FRONT FROM THE LOWER TERRACE.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”



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THE STAIRCASE.

"C.L."

The great gate of Burlington House, Piccadilly, is also illustrated, and Campbell describes it as having been erected

by the Earl of Burlington, but designed by himself (Campbell) in 1718. It would appear, therefore, that Burlington's first essay in architecture at Chiswick had not convinced the noble amateur of his ability to undertake so serious a work as the enlargement of his own town house. Had he designed Farfield before 1718, Colin Campbell would have known it, and the Casino would not be set down as the "first essay."

As we must reject the idea that Farfield was designed soon after Myers' death in 1714, there is no good reason to quarrel with the date on the bell, 1728. The

Dictionary of Architecture says that, besides works upon his estate in Lanesborough (? Londesborough) in Yorkshire,



DETAIL OF NEWEL.



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THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Lord Burlington built in 1729 the villa at Chiswick. He also began the Assembly Room in York in 1731. Clearly he was not only active architecturally in the late seventeenth-twenties, but very busy in Yorkshire, and thus able to attend to Farfield, which is but two miles from Bolton Abbey. Nevertheless, it is difficult to reconcile the heavy treatment of the house with Burlington's Palladian refinement, on the exercise of which his reputation must stand or fall. It is important, however, first to get clear what precisely was the relation of Lord Burlington to the practice of architecture. Of his relations with practising architects we know a good deal. William Kent came back from Italy with Burlington after his second visit in 1719, went to live with him forthwith and so continued until his death at Burlington House in 1745. Gwilt says of Burlington: "His friendship and munificence towards Kent were such that he lodged him in his house when living and in his family vault at Chiswick when dead." He was scarcely less generous to Leoni, whom he brought from Italy to England in 1719 to prepare a publication on the work of Palladio, and Leoni was probably the designer of early additions to Burlington House, which Colin Campbell finished.

Burlington may, indeed, be acclaimed as having erected the patronage of architects into a system, and his practical devotion to building is attested by the fact that he spent so much of his fortune on bricks and mortar as to cause himself financial embarrassment in later life. It is not likely that he plied pencil and T-square with his own hand. We may rather imagine him exercising the real influence of his travelled taste in the drawing offices of his *protégés*, and poring with them over the collection of Palladio's drawings which he had brought home from Italy. It is precisely his devotion to the Palladian manner which makes it difficult to believe that he designed or approved the design of Farfield Hall, which does not mark his usual attitude towards classical treatment. The general effect of the house is one of defective scale and of heavy richness rather than refinement. A glance at the plan shows that the accommodation is that of a house of but moderate size, while the general treatment is that of a mansion. The great gate piers to the north courtyard, for example, would be more appropriate for a house three times the size, and the huge vases on the pediment of the garden front do not suggest a very disciplined sense of proportion. Either we must assume that Lord Burlington was in an experimental humour when he designed Farfield, and was playing with the manner

of Gibbs without understanding it very well, or that he handed over the work to one of his *protégés*. The latter theory is the more credible, and it would not be unreasonable to assign the house to Colin Campbell. The framing of the two main fronts in a single order was a common feature in Campbell's design. It appears in the houses at Newby-on-Swale and Stourhead, which are illustrated in *Vitruvius Britannicus*. Campbell was accustomed to work in Yorkshire, for in 1718 he built Ebberston, near Scarborough, a delightful little shooting lodge, of which it might much more truly be said than of Burlington's villa at Chiswick that "it was



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GATE PIERS OF NORTH COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

too small to live in and too large to hang on a watch-chain." Ebberston has fallen on somewhat evil days. The colonnaded wings have disappeared, also the garden scheme with its canal 1,200ft. long; but enough remains, in its present farmhouse condition, to show its original charm and its total disregard of scale. Campbell was an experimenter in styles which he did not very clearly understand, and his attitude is indicated by a drawing in *Vitruvius*, inscribed: "This new design of my Invention in the Theatrical Stile, humbly inscribed to Tobiah Jenkyns." Even Whitaker, anxious to give praise to a house in his beloved district of Craven, had doubts about the "ponderous blocking course"

at Farfield, with its prominent rustications, and it is fair to Colin Campbell to say that none of his published designs shows anything but the lighter treatment of a balustrade.

It is, indeed, impossible to come to any clear conclusion as to whether Burlington or Campbell prepared the design of Farfield: it may even have been done by some local architect from Burlington's rough sketches, which suffered in the translation. The interior has some good features, notably the staircase, but the detail of the ceilings is rather poor and suggests that this part of the work was left to the unfettered discretion of a local craftsman working, not very knowingly, from a pattern-book. It is of interest to note that the staircase ceiling is of carved wood instead of plaster. The back of the house is very plain, and includes some older work from the farm which stood originally on the site. The recent alterations were done in a wise and conservative spirit. The doorway on the south front was originally the main entrance, and a drive led to it; but this side has now been terraced, and the subsidiary door on the east side was made the chief entrance—a practical change. The main hall became a morning-room; the dining-room became the drawing-room, and *vice versa*. Otherwise the ground-floor plan was practically unchanged; and the alterations upstairs were only to provide necessary bath-rooms, etc.

In the garden great improvements were made. A new broad walk was made from the great gate-piers westwards, and took the place of a drive to the stable: this meant clearing away a bank of earth which rose almost to the level of the lower window-sills, and the stable and out-buildings were completely remodelled internally.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

George Myers left a son who died young and unmarried, and his daughter left no children at her death in 1742. After passing by bequest through several hands, Farfield Hall was bought in 1805 by William, second son of John Cunliffe of Langbar and Addingham. It now belongs to his great-nephew, Mr. Ellis Cunliffe Lister-Kay, of Godmersham Park, Kent, by whom it has been leased to Mr. George Douglas.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

MR. KIPLING AND THE ARMY.

The Service Edition of the
Works of Rudyard Kipling.
(Macmillan, 1914.)

IN this reprint of Mr. Kipling's works the size is convenient and the type satisfactory. There are no prefaces and no notes: Mr. Kipling has never taken the public into his confidence, and we shall probably never hear from him "What books have influenced me," or "How I came to write my first story." Some great men of the past, notably Scott, have added a fresh charm to their republished writings by some easy, personal talk in notes and prefaces; but, if this is not done here, there is no reason to complain: the work is strong enough to stand by itself without any preliminary explanations or apologies.

Nearly twenty-five years have passed since Stevenson wrote from Samoa to Mr. Henry James: "Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I appeared." Stevenson was perfectly right: his own "appearance" may be placed in 1878, and the chief event in the history of English literature during the next ten years is the advent of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. And much more than this may be said now with truth. If Mr. Kipling were writing to-day to Mr. Henry James, and writing about books and authors, he could hardly write a sentence like that of Stevenson's, for the sufficient reason that there is no name to take the place of his own. Books enough have been



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IN THE NEW GARDEN: LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

written, and there have been plenty of new writers; but no luminary, at all comparable to Mr. Kipling in bulk or brightness, has since risen above the horizon. He remains the chief living writer of our language. He has no serious rival in popularity: if an Englishman or American reads anything beyond the newspaper, he is sure to read Kipling.

In the same letter Stevenson went on thus: "Certainly, Kipling has all the gifts; the fairy godmothers were all tipsy at his christening: What will he do with them?" Premature death robbed Stevenson of the answer to his question; but we have the material and can give the reply. Mr. Kipling has proved no "barren rascal"; he has written rough prose and verse to fill twenty-six volumes. If he never wrote another line—and for some years past he has added little to his production—no examiner can say that the candidate's work is insufficient to determine his place on the class list. The present examiner votes heartily for a First Class, and to Stevenson's question he replies with no manner of doubt, "He has done well with the fairy gifts." At first, however, it was by no means obvious what the answer would be. Stevenson himself, for all his generous admiration, felt misgivings and made reserves, as his letters show, and he had sufficient reason. That early work about Indian life and British soldiers had power and originality beyond question; but it contained a good deal that gave offence—a constant over-emphasis, a note of violence and filibustering, and even a taint of something like vulgarity. And the verse was inferior to the prose. "Departmental Ditties" has two lines that the reader does not forget, but hardly a third. Many writers produce their best work first: "Pickwick" was Dickens' first novel, and "Vanity Fair" was Thackeray's. But Mr. Kipling's muse was not born full grown; his "first sprightly runnings" were but small beer. The true champagne flavour was first tasted in some of the "Barrack-room Ballads." Since then he has produced some masterpieces of literary art in verse and in prose, which will ultimately give him his place among English writers.

Few men who have written so well as Mr. Kipling, have such obvious defects; few are so attackable or have been so much attacked. For he is a very honest writer who speaks his mind with no concealment and says nothing to flatter the prejudices of his readers. And he is in many ways opposed to the current ideas of the time. Like Carlyle, he is all for action as opposed to speech; he distrusts democracy and dislikes humanitarianism; he merely despises that elaborate system of athletic sports of which most Englishmen are proud. He plants a heavy foot on many tender corns. It is a safe guess that he is no favourite with suffragettes, or believers in Christian Science, or the gentlemen who are advocating democratic control over our foreign policy. To all such he is *anathema* for what they call his reactionary ideas; but he was at the same time *maranatha* to old-fashioned critics because of his revolutionary style. Yet the world, which is not wholly made up of fanatics and critics, took him to its heart. And, when the Devil's Advocate has done his worst and after all the necessary abatements are made, Mr. Kipling is sure of his halo and will have his statue. He is a great writer by virtue of his strength and sincerity, his versatility and originality, his power of seeing and describing what he sees, and, above all, by his share of that heavenly gift, which matters more than anything else.

His knowledge of the earth's surface, of all the races that dwell upon it, and of all the handicrafts that are carried on there, is really "extensive and peculiar." When you read him, you want to be constantly looking at the atlas. To many readers the technicality of his language is a serious stumbling block; and, indeed, when he writes, as he loves to do, of steam engines and motor cars, the pages bristle with unfamiliar words. To him all these mysteries seem "familiar as his garter." Did he study them with painful care, or does he acquire this knowledge without effort by a power of apprehension far beyond that of ordinary men? If the reader has some out-of-the-way knowledge, he is apt to find that Mr. Kipling has it too. Of the many thousands who have read "The White Seal," how many know why the bachelor seals are there called *holluschickie*? It is merely a free English transliteration of the Russian word for "bachelors." A book has lately been published which professes to explain the obscurities in this author's text; if it does solve all the problems, the writer must possess much curious learning.

His versatility is one of his great qualities. He began by writing of the British soldier: Tommy Atkins was his hero, to the exclusion of all others; and when he had to mention a bluejacket he shrank a little as from the unfamiliar. But some years later he wanted to know more of the sailor and his life. Ten days on a cruiser are enough: he writes "A Fleet in Being," by far the best picture of the British Navy as it is now—a book as true as the best of Marryat's, though Marryat spent half his life at sea. It is noticeable that in the case of some of his books the first estimate has been revised in his favour. "Stalky and Co." was received with a chorus of disapproval, chiefly from schoolmasters who disliked the picture of themselves; but they are not quite the right jury, and we find now that intelligent boys rank it highest but one among school stories. And many readers who fretted at some of the baby words in "Just So Stories" discovered later that it contained at least one story of truly epic magnificence ("The Cat that Walked by Himself") and one most beautiful and touching poem.

His poetry forms a large and important part of his work. Here he is no gifted amateur, as Stevenson always was, but a professional with full command over many metrical forms and many styles. He can write with solemn beauty as in the "Recessional"; more often he writes verses that please, like Swift's, by their precise prosaic aptness:

"Then up and spoke the plumbers bold,
Which was laying the pipes for the hot and cold:"

that couplet is beyond praise, in its own kind. He has written ballads full of fire and music, ballads which sing themselves and which everyone knows, from "Danny Deever" to "The Flag of England." When the war broke out and all the poets sang together on the front page of the *Times*, the other poems seemed tame beside that which ended with the high words: "Who dies, if England live?" He does not get the annual butt of sack or its modern equivalent; but for all that, he is *de jure*, if not *de facto*, the Laureate of the British Empire. Time will sift his good work from what is not so good, and the remnant will not be small; for it is hard to believe that Englishmen will ever cease to read the best of his poetry, or "The Jungle Book," or "Kim," or "Captains Courageous," or "Just So Stories," or "The Brushwood Boy."

J. D. DUFF.

SOLOGUB'S RUSSIAN FAIRY STORIES.

I.—THE SWEET-SMELLING NAME.

TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

A LITTLE peasant girl lay ill in her bed. And in heaven God called an angel to His side and bade her go down to earth and dance before the little girl and amuse her. But the angel thought it unbecoming to her dignity to dance before the people of the earth.

And God knew the proud thoughts of the angel and ordained a punishment for her. She was born into the world of men and became a little child there—a princess in a royal house—and she forgot all that she had known of heaven and her former life, forgot even her own name.

Now the angel had been called by a name of purity and fragrance, and the people of the earth know no such names as these. So when she became an earthly princess she had only a human name and was called the princess Margaret.

When the little princess grew up she often felt as if she wanted to remember something she had once known, but she could not think what it might be and she became sad and unhappy because she could not remember.

One day she asked her father:

"How is it we cannot hear the sunshine?"

The king smiled at the question, but he could not answer it, and the little princess looked very grieved.

Another day she said to her mother:

"The roses smell very sweet; how is it I cannot see their scent?" And when her mother laughed at the strange question the princess felt sadder than ever.

Some time afterwards she came to her nurse and said:

"How is it that names are not sweet scented?"

The old nurse laughed at her and again the princess was grieved that no one could answer any of her questions. Then a rumour went about the land that the king's daughter was different from other people and that her mind was weak. And

everybody tried to think of some means to cure her and make her well.

She was a quiet and melancholy child and was always asking strange and unusual questions. She was thin and pale and no one thought her beautiful. But she grew older, and at last the time came for her to marry. Many young princes came to her father's court to woo her, but when she began to talk to them no one wanted to have her as a wife. At last a prince named Maximilian arrived, and when the princess saw him she said to him:

"With us human beings everything seems quite separate from other things—I can only *hear* words, I cannot smell them; and though I can see flowers and smell their scent, yet I cannot hear them. It makes life dull and uninteresting, don't you think?"

"What would make life more beautiful for you?" said Maximilian.

The princess was silent for some time, but at last she said: "I should so much like to have a sweet-smelling name."

"Yes, fair princess," said he, "the name Margaret is not nearly good enough for you. You ought to have a name of sweet fragrance, but there are no such names known upon the earth." Then the poor little princess wept sad tears and Maximilian felt very sorry for her and he loved her more than anyone else in the whole world. He tried to comfort her by saying: "Do not weep, dear princess. I will try and find out if there are such names, and come and tell you of them."

The princess smiled through her tears and said: "If you can find for me a name which gives forth a sweet odour when it is spoken, then I will kiss your stirrup-leather." And she blushed as she said this, for she was a princess and very proud.

Hearing this, Maximilian grew bolder and said: "And will you then be my wife?" And the princess answered that she would.

So Maximilian departed to search throughout all the world until he found a name which would give forth a sweet fragrance and perfume the air when it was spoken. He travelled into far lands and made enquiries of rich and poor, learned and ignorant, but everybody laughed at his quest and told him he had set out upon a foolish errand. At last, after long journeying, he came again to the town where the princess dwelt. Just outside the town was a peasant's cottage, and at the door stood an old white-haired man. As soon as Maximilian saw him he thought in his heart "the old man will know," and he went up to him and told him of his quest and how he was in search of a sweet smelling name.

The old man looked up gladly and answered at once. "Yes, yes; there is such a name—a holy and spiritual name it is. I myself do not know this name, but my little grandchild has heard it."

So Maximilian went with the old man into the poor cottage, and there he saw a little peasant girl lying ill in her bed. The old man went up to her and said, "Doonia, here is a gentleman who wants to know the holy name you told me of; can you remember it and tell him?"

The little girl looked joyfully at Maximilian and smiled sweetly at him, but she could not remember the wonderful name. She told the prince that in a dream an angel had come to her and danced before her, and as she watched the angel she saw that his garment was of many colours, like a soft rainbow. Then the angel had talked to her and had told her that soon another angel would come and visit her and would dance before her in still more beautiful colours than those she had seen. He told her the angel's name, and as she heard the name she smelt a delicious fragrance and all the air was filled with a sweet scent. "But now," said the child, "I cannot remember that wonderful name, though it still makes me happy to think about it. If only I could remember it and say it myself I think I should be quite well again. But the beautiful angel will soon come, and then I shall remember the name."

Maximilian went away to the palace and told the princess all that had befallen him, and she came with him to the cottage to visit the sick girl. As soon as she saw the child she was filled with pity for her, and sat down by her side and petted her and tried to think of something that would amuse her and make her forget her pain.

By and by she got up and began to dance before the sick child, clapping her hands together, and singing. And as the little girl watched the princess she saw all kinds of lovely colours and heard many beautiful sounds. She felt very happy and she laughed aloud in her happiness. And suddenly she remembered the name of the angel and spoke it aloud. And all the cottage was filled with a sweet scent as of flowers.

Then the princess remembered all she had been trying to recall, and she knew that the sweet-scented name that she had

been seeking was her own heavenly name, and she remembered why she had been sent upon the earth.

The little peasant girl soon became quite well, and the princess married Maximilian and lived with him happily on the earth until, at last, the time came for them to part and for her to return to her heavenly home and God's eternal kingdom.

INDIAN CAVALRY . AT THE FRONT.

MANY people in this country had their doubts as to how the native troops would stand the climate of Northern Europe. But time has proved that, all things considered, they have stood it remarkably well. In spite of the trenches being in many places on low lying land, at all times liable to be flooded, pumps, braziers and warm clothing have done much to reduce the hardships inseparable from European weather, which comes as a bit of a shock after the "Shiny East." Warm clothing for Indian troops has been supplied, both by official and private enterprise, to such an extent that it



A CHANGE FROM THE SHINING EAST.



NECESSARY EXERCISE.

has become known as the "woollen invasion." An officer friend tells me that he has at least five woollen comforters, and his men are equally over-provided for—so much so that he has seen woollen body belts used as horse bandages! The troops and their horses are billeted in villages, farmhouses, etc., and only in a very few instances are the horses exposed

to the inclement weather with no more shelter than wind-screens provide.

All the horses of the native cavalry are "rugged up," being less acclimatised than our own to winter cold, and, curiously enough, they suffer, like the men in the trenches, chiefly from frostbite. That malady in connection with



HORSES BILETED IN A FARM



IN THE TRENCHES.



COMING FROM THE TRENCHES.

the horse will come as a surprise to English horse-owners. Frostbite is revealed by the breaking out, round the coronet and pastern, of sloughing wounds rather difficult to heal, and in some cases the hoof drops off.

The weather and the trench warfare at present preclude the use of cavalry as such. The men take an occasional turn in the trenches, and the horses go to "exercise" on the roads under armed escort. (No chances are taken in this war.) Road exercise is a necessity, for the country is "hock deep" when not frozen, and, moreover, much of it is under wheat. Next year's crop being of great importance, cavalry must stick to the roads until their services are really required again. "Ware wheat" is a standing order for the present. All the cavalry are now armed with rifle and bayonet, in addition to sword and lance, and with two bandoliers, ammunition, great coat, haversack and horse furniture, they scarcely come under the heading of light cavalry, as some of them are officially designated!

A curious point in international law cropped up with regard to one or two regiments which painted their lance points, to prevent them catching the sun and giving away their position—a familiar disadvantage of that excellent

weapon. It was pointed out that paint contained lead, and that therefore lances so painted might come under the designation of poisoned weapons. Orders were duly given for the removal of the same. One or two regiments, however, hit upon a brilliant idea, and "blued" their points like a gun barrel, to which expedient no official objection could be found. On the whole, the cavalry are rather bored with proceedings at present. Trench warfare may be dangerous, but it is not exciting, and the cavalry are looking forward to the day when they can once more apply the first principle of cavalry training, that a cavalryman's best weapon is his horse. L. E.

THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTS COMMITTEE

THE first report of this admirable body has been issued, and shows what excellent work has been done in the way of supplying the Fleet with garden and farm produce. Our readers may remember that it was started last September and got to work early in October after receiving the approval of the Government. The first consignment to the naval bases was sent on October 14th, and another two days later. During the sixteen weeks following the first despatch on October 14th, the Fleet has been supplied with 8,000cwt. of fresh fruit, vegetables and jams, exclusive of about 5,000 Christmas cakes, puddings, game, etc., as Christmas gifts to the ships. The expenditure of the committee has amounted only to about 1s. per hundred-weight. It will probably cost less in the future, as it has been agreed by the Government that all consignments of gifts of fresh vegetables, fruit and other produce sent direct from any of the branches to a naval base are to be given free railway carriage. The movement has spread from the United Kingdom to the distant



A CASE OF FROSTBITE.

portions of the Empire. From Singapore a consignment of 1,189 cases, about 110,000lb., of tinned pineapple has just reached the docks. From the Bahamas 100 large cases of grape fruit have arrived at the Paddington depot, and a consignment of citrus fruit is on its way from Jamaica. The Tasmanian fruit growers have offered to send 2,000 cases of apples, and committees have been formed in other parts of Australia to collect gifts for the Fleet. Canada has not stood aside from this movement, but has already sent

some produce and has promised more. In Dublin a branch of the committee has been formed with the Marquess of Headfort as the president, and Sir F. W. Moore, the hon. secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, and Mr. J. Robertson as hon. secretaries. There is every indication that supplies will be substantially augmented by supplies from Ireland which Irish Sea shipping companies have kindly consented to convey free of charge while the Government Executive Committee have agreed to give free carriage to the Government naval bases.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNION SOCIETY AND ITS HISTORY.

By J. R. TANNER, Litt.D.

[As the Centenary of the Cambridge Union is celebrated to-day (February 20th) we are particularly glad to be able to print this account of it by Dr. Tanner, whose associations with the University are too well known to need description.—Ed.]

THE Cambridge Union Society was founded by the union of three other societies in 1815, so it enjoys an excellent prospect of reaching—and perhaps of suitably celebrating—its centenary. The distinction of Pious Founder is usually assigned to three distinguished men—Henry Bickersteth of Caius, afterwards Lord Langdale (1783–1851), who was Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in 1808, and was appointed Master of the Rolls in 1836; Sir Edward Hall Alderson (1787–1857), also of Caius, who was Senior Wrangler, first Smith's Prizeman, and first Chancellor's Medallist in 1809, and afterwards became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas (1830), but is better known as a Baron of the Exchequer (1834); and Sir Jonathan Frederick Pollock (1783–1870), of Trinity, Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in 1806, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1844–66. The name of Henry Pakenham is also sometimes associated with these.

The earliest scene of the society's activities was what Lord Houghton afterwards described as "a low, ill-ventilated, ill-lit gallery at the back of the Red Lion Inn [in Petty Cury]—cavernous, tavernous—something between a commercial-room and a district-branch-meeting-house." The number of original members was 187, and new members were admitted only by ballot, every one in turn being required to propose a subject for debate. From these modest beginnings the present society, with its 1,784 resident, and between 11,000 and 12,000 non-resident members, gradually grew. About 1832 the Union left the Red Lion for the premises erected for its special use, now occupied by the A.D.C., behind what used to be the Hoop Hotel. In 1850 these were exchanged for a "dingy old room in Green Street," formerly a Wesleyan chapel, and here the society remained until the opening of the older part of the present buildings behind the Round Church on October 30th, 1866. A later enlargement, which provided, among other things, the present library, was opened by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, February 24th, 1886. Some sanguine spirits look forward to a further greatly needed extension as a possible result of the Centenary Celebrations.

The first debate was held on Monday, February 20th, 1815, on the question, "Was the conduct of the Opposition in refusing places in 1812 justifiable?" when thirty-three members voted that it was and thirty-five that it was not. Two years later, on Monday, March 24th, 1817, we find "Mr. Whewell of Trinity" opening his first debate on the question, "Is the increased attention which has been paid to our Army likely to have a good effect upon society?" The Union thought not.

The year 1817 saw an attack, delivered from an exalted quarter, upon freedom of speech. Notice was received from Dr. Wood, the Vice-Chancellor of the year, that debates would no longer be allowed by the University, mainly on the ground that they interfered with reading, and although a remonstrance was drawn up by the officers of the society, urging that many of its members had taken high degrees, the Vice-Chancellor's reply was in strict accordance with the academic tradition which reigned in those benighted days. "I do not think it necessary, nor perhaps proper, to return any answer to this statement. I had considered the subject fully in my own mind." The Union continued to exist on the lower plane of a reading club for four years, and in 1821, when Dr. Wordsworth was Vice-Chancellor, permission was obtained to restore the debates. The officers' defence of 1817 had contained the following clause: "The members are willing to exclude political subjects from their debates, and to submit to any regulation which may not be utterly incompatible with their wish to

practise themselves in speaking, a study which they humbly conceive not to be utterly useless." They were not now asked to drop politics altogether, but were required to exclude from the subjects of debate all political questions later than 1800. This brought about the state of things described by Lord Houghton from his own recollections: "We got fervent upon the character of Lord North, and fierce upon the policy of Cardinal Richelieu." The society was, however, accustomed to run to the extreme limit of its tether, for the House not only decided that "the principles of the French Revolution were deserving of approbation," but also affirmed that "the conduct of Mr. Pitt, as far as the year 1800, was far more deserving the approbation of posterity than that of Mr. Fox." There were also ways of getting round the prohibition, and bringing in current politics in masquerade. Professor Selwyn, at the opening of the new buildings in 1866, referred to a debate within his memory "upon the question which had done most for the welfare and comfort of the animal creation, Martin's Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*," in which the *Ancient Mariner* had it by a large majority; and there is a story, attributed to Lord Houghton, that the question of Woman Suffrage was once discussed under cover of "The Comparative Merits of Adam and Eve." But if discussion passed beyond the prescribed limits, there was always a danger of the Proctor appearing with an order from the Vice-Chancellor "that this assembly do dissolve," and there was no Holles and Valentine, as upon a certain famous occasion, to hold the Speaker in the chair. As a rule, the House contented itself with approving the conduct of Washington or condemning that of John Hampden, with deciding by a majority of seventy-five that the execution of Charles I. was unjustifiable and by a majority of thirty-one that the "political conduct of Oliver Cromwell was beneficial to the country"; or with an enthusiastic affirmation of the principle "That Theatricals improve the Morals of the People."

While debates are under consideration, reference must be made to the famous debate at Oxford on Monday, November 26th, 1829, upon the motion "That Shelley was a greater Poet than Lord Byron." The deputation from Cambridge consisted of Lord Houghton, then Richard Monckton Milnes, Thomas Sunderland, and Arthur Hallam, the friend of Tennyson, whose memory is enshrined in *In Memoriam*. "At that time," says Lord Houghton, "we in Cambridge were all very full of Mr. Shelley. We had printed his *Adonais* for the first time in England from a copy that Arthur Hallam had brought back from Pisa, and a friend of ours suggested that, as Shelley had been expelled from Oxford and treated with much blind injustice, it would be a very grand thing for us to go to Oxford and raise a debate upon his character and powers. So, with the full permission of the authorities, we went to Oxford—in those days a long, dreary postchaise journey of ten hours—and we were hospitably entertained by Milnes Gaskell . . . by Sir Francis Doyle . . . and by a young student of the name of Gladstone . . ." "We had a very interesting debate . . . but we were very much shocked, and our vanity was not a little wounded, to find that," except the speakers, "nobody at Oxford knew anything about Mr. Shelley. In fact, a considerable number of our auditors believed that it was Shenstone we were talking about, and said that they only knew one poem of his, beginning: 'My banks they are furnished with bees.'" One of the Oxford speakers was Cardinal Manning, who, much later in life, paid graceful compliment to the Cambridge oratory. "I can . . . well remember," he wrote in 1866, "the irruption of the three Cambridge orators. We Oxford men were precise, orderly, and morbidly afraid of excess in word or

manner. The Cambridge oratory came in like a flood into a mill-pond. Both Monckton Milnes and Arthur Hallam took us aback by the boldness and freedom of their manner; but I remember the effect of Sunderland's declamation and action to this day. It had never been seen or heard before among us; we cowered like birds and ran like sheep." This unselfish appreciation was gratifying to Cambridge, but we know from other sources that Oxford put up an excellent defence.

The list of officers of the society, which goes back to its foundation in 1815, contains many distinguished names. The first President (for the Lent term, 1815) was Edward John Gambier of Trinity, afterwards Fellow; he was knighted in 1834 and was Chief Justice of Madras, 1842-9. The second (Easter, 1815) was Constantine Henry Phipps, Lord Normanby, also of Trinity, the eldest son of the Earl of Mulgrave; he was Lord Privy Seal under Lord Melbourne and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was created first Marquess of Normanby in 1838. The third (October, 1815) was the Hon. Charles John Shore of Trinity, the eldest son of the first Lord Teignmouth, who represented Marylebone in the House of Commons from 1838 to 1841. It is noteworthy that all the officers for the first four years of the society's existence came either from Trinity or St. John's, the former greatly preponderating. The first of the smaller colleges to capture an office was Sidney Sussex, in October, 1819. In the Easter Term of 1820, Macaulay was secretary, and in the Lent Term of 1823 treasurer, but he did not hold the office of President. Lord Lytton said of his speech on the French Revolution that it was "the greatest display of eloquence" which he witnessed at the Union. "It still lingers in my recollection," he wrote, "as the most heart-stirring effort of that true oratory which seizes hold of the passions, transports you from yourself, and identifies you with the very life of the orator, that it has ever been my lot to hear, saving, perhaps, a speech delivered by Mr. O'Connell to an immense crowd in the open air. Macaulay, in point of power, passion, and effect, never equalled that speech in his best days in the House of Commons." Lord Lytton himself, as E. G. L. Bulwer of Trinity Hall, was secretary (Easter, 1824) and treasurer (October, 1824), but, like Macaulay, he was never President. Among earlier Presidents were Charles Austin (Lent, 1822), Jesus, famous in his day as a Parliamentary Counsel; Alexander Cockburn (Easter, 1824), Trinity Hall, who was afterwards to preside over the Tichborne Trial as Lord Chief Justice of England; Benjamin Hall Kennedy (Easter, 1825), St. John's, afterwards Head Master of Shrewsbury and Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge; Richard Chenevix Trench (Easter, 1828), Trinity, Archbishop of Dublin; Henry Alford (Easter, 1832), Trinity, Dean of Canterbury, 1857-71; and C. J. Ellicott (Easter, 1839), St. John's, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The subjects they debated were not always wholly inappropriate to their future careers, for Cockburn moved "that the criminal code needs revision," and carried a motion with Lytton's support: "That a systematic opposition to the measures of administration are beneficial to a country." It was in the same period that the House decided "That the character of Napoleon Bonaparte is more worthy of admiration than that of Oliver Cromwell," and "That England owed her greatness to her situation, not her Constitution," for in those days historical and literary questions were more frequently and freely discussed than now, and the society often embarked on those abstract political questions which are at present relegated to the weekly essays set in College to men reading for the Historical Tripos. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, though never President, was secretary (Easter, 1823) and treasurer, (October, 1823), and he wrote some verses describing the speakers of his day. These were never published, but the late J. F. Skipper of St. John's, the industrious author of "A Short History of the Cambridge University Union," whose memory is preserved in the society's premises by a memorial window, has unearthed some extracts which claim quotation:

The Union Club of rhetorical fame
Was held at the Red Lion Inn;
And there never was Lion so perfectly tame,
Or who made such a musical din.
'Tis pleasant to snore at a quarter before,
When the chairman does nothing in state,
But 'tis heaven, 'tis heaven to waken at seven,
And pray for a noisy debate.

The question is "Reform," and after the opener has addressed the House, Lytton's rising is thus described:

Then the Church shakes her rattle, and sends forth to battle
The terror of Papist and Sinner,
Who loves to be seen as the modern Mæcenas,
And asks a'! the poets to dinner.

After one speaker has intervened, Macaulay rises:

But the favourite comes with his trumpet and drums,
And his arms, and his metaphors crossed,
And the audience, O dear! vociferate Hear!
Till they're half of them deaf as a post.

His speech is thus summarised:

Oratoric,
Metaphoric
Similes of wondrous length.
Illustration—Conflagration,
Ancient Romans—House of Commons,
Clever Uriel, and Ithuriel,
Good Old King, everything.

At length Charles Austin rises:

Then up gets the glory of us and our story,
Who does all by logic and rule,
Who can tell the true difference 'twixt two-pence and three-pence,
And prove Adam Smith quite a fool.

The middle period of the century also produced Presidents who in later life justified their early promise. The veteran Viscount Cross, who died the other day, was President in the October Term, 1845; Sir William Harcourt in the Easter Term, 1849; the late Professor Hort in the October Term, 1852; Mr. Arthur Cohen of Magdalene, the present University Counsel, in the Easter Term, 1853; a late Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Selby, better known as Mr. Gully, in the Easter Term, 1855; the present Master of Trinity, October, 1855; Sir John Gorst, Easter, 1857; the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, Lent, 1861; Sir George Trevelyan, October, 1861; the late Sir Charles Dilke, October, 1864, and again, Lent, 1866. Professor Maitland belongs to the next decade, occupying the chair in the Lent Term, 1873. Sir William Harcourt's maiden speech was against the Game Laws, but he delivered a later oration in denunciation of the ballot. The late Professor Henry Fawcett, who was secretary in the Easter Term, 1855, spoke in favour of a system of national education, and against the restriction of the Press, Army Purchase, and a motion condemning the income tax as "unjust in theory and absurd in practice." One of the most exciting debates in the history of the middle period was over a motion: "That this House considers that Mr. Cobden and his party represent the rising good sense of the nation." It is curious to find that this motion was opposed both by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Justice Stephen. The opener was fined £2 for insubordination, and another member was not only fined, but also expelled by 130 votes to 18.

The more recent history of the society has scarcely yet fallen into proper perspective, but one name stands out as that of the most brilliant speaker by far within the memory of the present writer. J. K. Stephen of King's, son of Sir James FitzJames Stephen, the Judge, occupied a position in the eyes of his contemporaries that is probably unique. When the publication of notes on the society's debates first began to appear, a definite standard of praise and blame took some time to establish itself, and the critics indulged in absurd exaggerations with regard to the merits of speakers who are, and are likely to remain, entirely unknown to fame. An appreciation of a speaker who varied his dulness with flippancy ran (if memory serves) as follows: "The profound and subtle logic of the honourable member's argument was from time to time enlivened by brilliant flashes of wit." The combination in just proportions of brilliancy and power is not often met with, and Stephen was one of the few men who really deserved the kind of encomium then freely passed upon the undeserving. His friends still grieve over the tragic ending of a career so full of the promise of distinction of the highest order.

The Union still retains the services and affection of many distinguished living ex-Presidents, and especially Dr. Henry Jackson, O.M., of Trinity, the Regius Professor of Greek (President, Easter, 1864); Dr. William Cunningham of Trinity, Archdeacon of Ely (Easter, 1872); and Dr. Courtney Kenny, Downing Professor of the Laws of England (Lent, 1874). These are all at the present time Trustees of the society, and the last named served as treasurer from 1876 to 1881. He was succeeded as treasurer by Mr. Oscar Browning (President, Easter Term, 1859), who held office until 1902. Lord Justice Moulton (Easter, 1868); Dr. Welldon, the present Dean of Manchester (Lent, 1876); Mr. Justice Scrutton (Lent, 1880); Mr. Harold Cox (Easter, 1881); Sir Walter Raleigh (October, 1884); Mr. L. J. Maxse (Easter, 1886); Mr. L. G. B. J. Ford, the present Head Master of Harrow (Lent, 1887), and Mr. C. F. G. Masterman (Lent, 1896) were Presidents of the society, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain was Vice-President in the Lent Term, 1885.

As early as 1823 the society adopted the Parliamentary procedure, the President being requested to regulate his conduct by the precedents of the House of Commons, and, although these are no longer followed with the old meticulous care, the presidential demeanour is often carefully modelled upon that of the august being who controls the proceedings of another assembly. Thus, a debater was promptly ruled out of order for referring to a rather untidy speaker who had preceded him as "the honourable member whose waistcoat and trousers do not meet"; and it is said that on another occasion a member was threatened with condign punishment for "bellowing at the House." This last was a hard case, as the member in question, having a voice rather milder than ordinary and fearing lest he should not be heard, had placed a friend upon the back benches with instructions to cough if he could not hear. Unfortunately another member who was suffering from a cold was in the near vicinity, and the involuntary sounds which proceeded from him were mistaken for the agreed signal, with disastrous results.

A question which exercised the minds of the earlier counsellors of the Union was whether debates ought not to contribute to the keeping up of an interest in literature and history as well as in politics. Lord Houghton complained in 1866 that on looking over recent records he could not find a single literary debate; and the suggestion was made that someone should move "That in the opinion of this House Shakespeare is an overrated poet," or "That Sir Walter Scott is decidedly superior to Miss Braddon." This kind of discussion is now obsolete. The executions of Charles I and Mary Queen of Scots are left to the historians, and the only first-class literary debate of recent years seems to have been in February, 1913, when a motion "That this House would rather sacrifice all other literature than the works of Shakespeare" was rejected by a majority of seventy-five. It is true that in 1912 the House made up its mind, though only by a majority of four, that orthodoxy is to be preferred to eccentricity, but the mind of the modern undergraduate is moving upon other lines. His chief pre-occupation is with political and social questions, with an occasional digression upon matters of University interest. In 1897, in a debate on "Degrees for Women," thrown open to the whole University, a motion in strong condemnation of the proposal to grant degrees was carried by 1,083 votes to 138, and as late as December, 1913, a motion "That in the opinion of this House the older Universities are not adequately fulfilling their duties to the Nation" was rejected by a majority of thirty-two.

Another change which has passed over the Union in its character as a debating society is in the results of political divisions. In 1866 Lord Houghton was disposed to complain of "a remarkable prevalence of Conservative opinions," and the writer of an article in the *Saturday Review* remarked that "the voting is as steady as Mr. Walpole himself could desire in favour of Church and Queen and our Glorious Constitution." And if the balance of parties has been modified, the character of the speaking has also changed. We miss the giants of an older day, but the average speaker is said to be nimbler, cleverer, more intellectually agile than he was thirty years ago. On the other hand, his critics complain of him that he is frothier, less solid, and not quite as much oppressed with a sense of his responsibility. The present writer is not prepared to pronounce upon the value of these judgments with regard to average men, but he is strongly of opinion that the best Union speaking to-day is quite as good as it was in his own time, and reflects the highest credit upon the Union as a school of speaking and the University as a school of thought. The dull man and the flippant man are always with us, but in the main the sounder traditions are always respected, and even unpractised speakers early begin to live up to Martin Luther's maxim: "Stehe fest auf; thue den Mund auf; höre bald auf." (Quoted by Professor Selwyn in 1866, and translated by him thus: "When

you speak, stand up firmly, open your mouth boldly, and leave off timely.")

The last advice holds good for the writers of articles also, but no account of the society would be complete—at any rate in the eyes of ex-Vice-Presidents—which did not mention the Suggestion Book. This is not to be confounded with the Book of Questions and Answers, which lingered ingloriously for a brief period and perished under a load of obloquy. It is only in accordance with human nature as we know it that a serious thirst for knowledge displayed in questions should produce floods of designedly erroneous information in the form of answers. It is as simple and natural as filling up the school rain-gauge by stealth from a jug. The Suggestion Book stands on a firmer foundation and has withstood all the shocks of Time. The earliest volume is dated "about the Easter Term, 1856," and on its very first page it abandons the stately reserve which is supposed to have characterised the University in the days of the Crimean War. A member complains: "The iron railing to the gallery is very hard; if it were padded, it would serve instead of sofas." To this it was answered by the Vice-President of the day: "It is suggested that the honourable member's coat should be padded instead." Thus early was the keynote struck which has reverberated through more than half a century of futile suggestions and stern official replies.

THE THIRD WHEAT SOWING.

LORD ST. AUDRIES dealt very fully with agriculture at the annual meeting of the Taunton and West Somerset Farmers' Club last Saturday. He said that last year he grew a splendid crop of wheat, harvested it well, and sold it at what he considered to be a good price in September for seed purposes. He had his fields already ploughed and ready to receive another wheat crop in November; but since then, with a quarter of an inch of rain per day, those fields got only worse and worse. It was all very well for armchair critics to jibe at the farmer or advise him to grow more wheat. But the farmer could not grow wheat if there was not an opportunity to sow it. The farmer was at the mercy of the climate, and taking into con-



THE THIRD TIME OF SOWING.

sideration the rise in the price of meal and feeding stuffs, he questioned whether a dozen farmers belonging to the club were better off through the war. Another farmer at the same meeting said that he was about to sow wheat on the same land within a year. Last year he grew a crop of April wheat. He ploughed up the stubbles and sowed again with autumn wheat. This had rotted, and as soon as the land was again dry enough to work, he was going to sow it again. Thus he would be sowing wheat three times on the same land within a year, and he was rather thankful that some of the farmers still had a little wheat left in stock, so that they might be able to obtain a little seed wheat from them. It is very evident that in many parts of the country where the autumn wheat has not rotted it has been badly washed, the finer portions of the soil having been swilled away. Anyway, though the English farmer has endeavoured to increase his wheat acreage, it is doubtful whether it will show, either acreage or average yield, much above the normal. E. W.

THE HALF-BRED SIRE.

[For reasons of space it is impossible to print all the letters that have been received, but a further instalment will be published next week.]

SIR,—As a successful breeder of half-bred horses for the past twenty-five years my experience has taught me a totally different lesson from that which Mr. Hope Brooke puts forward. The introduction of Shire or Clydesdale blood for the purpose of breeding hunters is, I am convinced, a fatal mistake. The Shire and Clydesdale, so far as I am aware, have no two points in common with the hunter except their teeth, and in type they are as different as the bulldog and the foxhound. I am sure no one would ever hope to improve the standard of the latter by a cross of the former. The cross of the Shire and Clydesdale would only tend to produce coarseness and cowardice, two very unenviable qualifications in a hunter. The photographs of Mr. Hope Brooke's two youngsters, which you have reproduced, do not impress me as horses likely to grow into high-class hunters. If horses are worth breeding they are worth feeding, and I do not agree with Mr. Hope Brooke's method of economy in this respect when he says he allows his youngsters no feeding, beyond what they can pick up on the farm, during the first three or four winters of their lives. All young horses, if they are to get a fair chance of growing into size and substance, require at least a feed of corn per day and plenty of good hay during the winter and spring of the year, with as much good land as possible to run over for the summer, otherwise one must expect disappointments. In Ireland, no doubt, in some cases the present-day weight-carrying hunter has, unfortunately, a cross of the Shire or Clydesdale, but such horses are always easily distinguished. If from their looks any doubt exists as to their breeding, ten minutes or less on their backs across a country will always enable one to decide. The native Irish cart or draught horse is a very different animal from his English or Scotch brother. He is a hardier sort, with better feet, has more bone and less hair, more courage and endurance, and is built more on hunter lines. Mares of this breed mated with a good thoroughbred horse invariably produce high-class weight-carrying hunters, and fillies so bred mated again with a thoroughbred will produce even a better weight carrier. Stallions bred on these lines are valuable sires, as they make up for the want of size and bone in the lighter class of brood mares, and their produce make useful and quiet workers. Personally, I prefer the hunter by a thoroughbred sire out of a well-bred mare, and I have at present some 15st. hunters by thoroughbred sires out of mares with from three to seven crosses of thoroughbred blood. My surprise is therefore somewhat to hear that a cross of the Shire or Clydesdale is necessary. Breeding horses on a large scale and selling them as four year olds for £40 or £45 each is, beyond doubt, a losing game, and this is the reason why more horses are not bred in this country.—OWEN RYAN.

SIR,—I have, personally, no practical experience in breeding or using hunters with cart-horse blood in them. I have no doubt there is cart-horse blood in many a weight-carrying Irish hunter, but the prejudice against its being known is so strong that it might be difficult to prove. On the other hand, there must be, especially in Ireland, breeders and dealers who could speak with authority and give concrete cases and results; whether they would do so is another matter. I believe they would if approached in the right manner; but so long as the prejudice against cart-horse blood remains, breeders who go out to the cross will not be anxious to acknowledge their indebtedness, if successful; and dealers will certainly not be anxious to depreciate their own property. Mr. Hope Brooke's letter is most convincing. If the stock bred on the lines indicated can do all he claims for them, i.e., carry weight, jump a country and gallop on, the results of his experience should go far to help in fixing the requirements for breeding to type the most useful, as well as saleable, horse in the world.—E. LOCKE ELLIOT.

SIR,—In common with most people who are in any way interested in horse breeding, I have read Mr. Hope Brooke's letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 6th with very great interest. With much that he says I agree entirely, but must confess that I am puzzled to know how he proposes to establish a breed of horses which will breed true to type—hunter type especially—by the use of sires and dams both of which are themselves half-bred. After centuries of careful breeding and mating we remain unable to breed what we call the "thoroughbred" horse to type. Some come big, some small; some with great power and bone, some light and weedy. What reason is there, then, to suppose that half-bred sires mated with half-bred mares will breed to type? Might we not rather expect a reversion on either side, or at least a recrudescence of one or other of the various strains of blood in their composition? "Cart" blood, for instance, how is that to be bred out—completely eliminated? As Mr. Hope Brooke very rightly puts it, size and power are wanted; but is it not possible to get the size and power from thoroughbred horses instead of from cart-horses? Until comparatively recent days the famous hunters which were to be found in Ireland were nearly all got by thoroughbred horses, out of mares, half-bred perhaps, but very nearly clean bred, none the less; and to the best of my knowledge the decadence of the Irish hunter set in with the arrival of the hackney in Ireland. Irish breeders were not long in discovering the evils resulting from the use of hackney blood as applied to hunter breeding, but a good deal of mischief had been done, visible traces of which remain. I have already said that the thoroughbred horse does not breed to type, possibly because in his production it is not "type," but certain qualities—such as speed—which are the aim of the breeder. Seeing, however, that in the case of the "thoroughbred" horse the distinguishing characteristics of any particular family can be traced for a much longer period than those of any other breed, and that some of the "thoroughbred" families—Stockwell, Melbourne, for instance—have in the past and do now frequently produce individuals of great size, strength and bone, it occurs to me that greater attention to the production of "type" might result in the production of "thoroughbreds" amply sufficient in size, bone and power. Such horses

would be preferable to any half-breds for getting "general utility" horses or "hunters." I feel, at all events, sure that Mr. Hope Brooke is right in insisting on the value of the mare as a reproducer. He goes on, however, to say: "All crosses sooner or later revert to their original dam." That is a far-reaching proposition, one which it is not possible to discuss in detail within the space of a letter. I do not know if Mr. Hope Brooke has Cicero "in his eye," but if not, and he should find himself able to go and see Lord Rosebery's stud, he would, I think, agree with me that Cicero is a glorified specimen of the Barb horse—bigger and more powerful, but absolutely Barb in character; and—Cicero is in direct descent in tail female from Tregonwell's Natural Barb mare.—T. H. BROWNE.

SIR,—Mr. Hope Brooke's letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 6th opens up a question of great interest to horse breeders, and to the breeders of hunters in particular, viz., the use of cart-horse blood in hunters. Perhaps you will let me state my experience. What makes horse breeders look for other blood in hunters than the thoroughbred is that the latter has been used too much, and mares have become undersized and weedy. In old days what gave Ireland her name for hunters was that she had a breed of active, clean-legged cart-horses and stallions of that breed. The first cross of these mares with the thoroughbred horse gave magnificent weight-carrying hunters, with the result that farmers gave their mares a thoroughbred stallion in preference to the sires of the same breed, and this breed is nearly extinct. The mares became weedy and cart-horses. Now, chiefly Clydesdale has been introduced to give size. I do not suppose that anyone would think of using a Clydesdale stallion as a hunter sire. The question is, What is the effect of his blood on the mares? I had a horse here by a Clydesdale stallion out of a thoroughbred mare. He had any amount of pluck, could jump well, and was a splendid horse in harness. He would never have made a hunter, and was not a beauty to look at. I have two horses here now by Clydesdale sires out of well-bred mares. Both have lots of courage, and one of them—a mare—is just the sort of mare which, if put to a thoroughbred horse, one would expect to breed a hunter. I had another mare bred exactly the same way, a beauty to look at, and I put her to two different thoroughbred horses to see if she would breed a hunter, but she bred nothing but three-cornered brutes. When put to a cart sire she bred some splendid work horses. The mares the farmers have round here, that have much Clydesdale blood in them, are most unreliable breeders if put to a thoroughbred horse. There are some half-bred horses in this part of the country with a little Clydesdale in them, their sires being mostly the old Irish draught horse; their dams a mixture of the old Irish mare, thoroughbred horse and Clydesdale stallion. They get good, saleable colts to make bus horses and van horses, and an occasional hunter if there is plenty of blood on the dam's side. The conclusion I have come to is that Clydesdale blood will not injure the stamina of the horse, but that mares with much of this blood in them will be most unreliable breeders except to cart stallions. My experience with Suffolk Punches is quite different. My grandfather introduced a Suffolk Punch stallion, and I had two mares got by him out of well-bred hunter mares. Both mares were plain, especially about the quarters, but when put to thoroughbred horses all the plainness disappeared, and they bred splendid horses, with great staying powers—some made good hunters, others splendid harness horses; and mares in this neighbourhood with this horse's blood in their veins are about the best mares to breed hunters from. There are very few of them left. Their sire was not quite so heavy in the body, and seemed to me to have had better legs and looked more like carrying his body than the majority of Suffolk Punches one sees nowadays. I saw a sire, got by a French Percheron out of a hunter mare, get splendid looking stock, and his fillies bred splendid looking hunters, but I never saw them used. They were bought up quickly by dealers. As I said in a former letter, I think the best horse to use on light mares to breed fillies to put to a thoroughbred horse to get hunters is a good shouldered hackney, with good legs and straight, true action, not high. There are plenty of these horses to be got, but no one buys them except the foreigner. There is a prejudice against the hackney that he cannot stay. I have proved this to be untrue. On the road, if you get the right sort, he will stay for ever. Of course, he would not stay in the hunting field; it is not his place; nor would a cart stallion, and no one would use the first cross of the hackney as a fast hunter; but put fillies of the first cross to a thoroughbred horse and you will have a horse to gallop, jump and stay all day. I have never had any experience of Shire blood; they seem to me to be too extensive a cross to try. But I have stated my experience for what it is worth. Mr. Hope Brooke is, I think, talking of the result of Clydesdale blood on the sire's side; I have only tried it on the dam's side when breeding from crosses. I believe the thoroughbred is the best sire for hunters, but we also want a sire to get the right mare for him.—ASHTOWN.

SIR,—I am strongly against both the use of the half-bred sire and the infusion of cart-horse blood. I bred half-bred hunters for very many years, but found the only way to breed with an almost practical certainty of success is to stick to animals in the General Stud Book. I think it would be going on quite a wrong tack to try to make a breed of hunters when we already have the perfect animal for jumping and galloping, pluck and intelligence, endurance and weight-carrying properties—the English thoroughbred! So many people not connected with the thoroughbred horse seem to think he is not up to weight or capable of carrying or drawing weight. This is a fallacy, as he possesses these capabilities above all, and the bone, seen under the microscope or even with the naked eye, shows the reason. Of course, all thoroughbreds are not weight carriers (though, for their size, they will carry a stone, or more, more than their appearance indicates), but neither are all half-breds. Directly you use cart blood—which, I do not deny, often gives size and good looks—you lose in quality of bone and staying power. I do not speak in the same way of the few and far between so-called cart mares of



PRUDENCE, 15.3 AND UP TO 15st.

Ireland, descendants or throwbacks to the old pack-mare. I enclose a photograph of this wonderful type, recently in my possession, standing 15h. 3in., and up to 15st., and very fast. Alas! this sort are no longer, or very seldom, to be found. The softer bone runs to splints, and all the big horses that I have owned, or friends owned, up to 17st. or 18st., almost invariably are affected in their wind after a few seasons' galloping. I tried the Cleveland Bay on a well bred hunter mare (pedigree unknown), and got a slow hunter; also a good shouldered hackney on a weedy thoroughbred, and got a grand looking hunter, but no use in dirt and no character as a hunter; what a hunting man calls a "flatcatcher!" I say, if it is desired to make a breed of horses like the grand type drawing the carts in London of a well known whisky firm (or which were before the war), by all means do it; but they are not hunters. Let us face the truth and see why so many poor types are bred from the, in most cases, excellent Premium horse. He gets, perhaps, as in this country, ninety mares (too many), perhaps four young and valuable mares, especially chosen for breeding; many old favourite hunter mares, the first foals always very small; some useful, but very doubtful, pedigree mares from the Brood Mare Society, likely to throw back to any hairy-heeled ancestress; and then the rag, tag and bobtail owned by the farmer who does not ride himself and takes little interest in the result. It is on this sort of a season his progeny is condemned as not suitable for hunters! Give him, on the other hand, some mares bought at low prices (as not the fashionable blood) at the December Newmarket Sales, Limerick, Goughs' or at the Doncaster September sales of yearlings (nearly two years old), and keep these latter fifteen months until three years, and then see what a grand average of good stock he will get. I would like to lay a wager that this stock would beat all the others as *hunters*, and it is hunters we are talking about first and foremost. What we want is more and more thoroughbred blood, *not* less. Again, we are getting away from our best type of hunter. Why are so many mad on size? It is a bad sign of a commercial age. Perhaps these big horses may sell well for shows and for the foreign market. I know an Italian buyer who likes them 16h. 3in. for choice, but all hunting people know they are not the best hunters. The best hunters do not, as a rule, exceed 16h. Of this size they are more enduring, often lasting eight seasons or more, and if thoroughbred—barring accidents—will go well and fast up to twenty years of age. Nothing possessing a cart-horse strain would do this. The next best blood to that of the thoroughbred in a hunter is pure pony blood. A friend of mine had a pony stallion of pure Welsh Comet blood, standing 14h.; he rode him regularly though riding 14st. 7lb., and got some grand 15h. 3in. hunters out of coarse hunter mares by this little horse. I think so many hunter breeders have the often overtrained two year old they see on racecourses in their minds as "a thoroughbred"; still, even one of these bought and turned out develops into quite a different animal. I have a grand 16h. 1in. mare, now four years, up to 14st., by Thrush out of a Marco mare,



A WEIGHT-CARRYING THOROUGHbred MARE.

which I bought as a little two year old weed on a racecourse, and no doubt the oats she had had as a youngster and in training helped the final result. I am an absolute believer in doing the young hunter well in the oat line until his second year (and all the time if you can afford it); he comes to maturity (*i.e.*, stays in a long hunt) so much the sooner. Now as to the expense I need only refer would-be buyers of blood hunter mares or yearling fillies to the *Bloodstock Breeders' Review*. This useful little magazine gives in its December number all the prices at the public auctions of the year, plenty of which are well within the reach of the farmer-breeder and of the brood mare societies. One cannot imagine why they do not keep to, or occasionally try, the thoroughbred, as then they are almost certain of a good type and, if small, of a valuable pony; but I contend that the thoroughbred is not small. You are also more certain, because, luckily, breeders of bloodstock soon discard the services of any stallion getting bad or unsound stock. I do not say they are perfect in their rules, as, no doubt, they ought to prevent horses wrong in their wind *during their turf career* (or with other bad hereditary fault) from going to the stud. I fear I may be out-stepping my space, so must conclude with this advice, that if you want to breed a good hunter choose a roomy, old-fashioned, unfashionable, but clean bred mare, and do not use the nearest stallion available, but one suited to her conformation and whose *stock* you have seen is of good size. Often this stallion may prove quite a little fellow of 15h. 2in.; size does not always beget size. Anyway, you will breed something worth getting, and not a three-cornered brute or one with no courage, even if he has size and looks.—J. M. WALMSLEY.

SIR,—The present discussion on the half-bred sire and use of cart blood in hunter breeding is not the least interesting and important of the horse questions lately raised in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and I and other breeders will follow it closely. In my opinion Mr. Pilliner has spoilt an otherwise excellent letter by his criticism of the incapacitated mares brought back from the front by the Board of Agriculture. As a fair minded man he ought not to pass judgment upon the few he saw at one sale, as it seems he has done. If he had seen the whole of the first consignment, I think he would have drawn different conclusions. When I went down to Pirbright to see them, it was with the idea that the mares would be of high quality, such as would be seen at our summer shows. My first impression of them was one of considerable disappointment, for out of the whole lot there were only two which, in my opinion, answered this description. But I came away with quite different feelings after looking over the mares very carefully from the breeder's standpoint. With very few exceptions they were of the type which when mated to the thoroughbred horse will probably produce very good and saleable animals. I expect the particular mare to which Mr. Pilliner refers was one of the exceptions. But that she was a really fine type, and that other men think differently, is proved by the fact that although "not less than twelve years old and lame," she made seventy-two guineas. Since reading Mr. Pilliner's criticism I have spoken to a friend, who is one of the finest judges of horseflesh in the kingdom, and who saw this mare sold at Cheltenham. He is emphatic in his opinion that she was of very fine type, and quite worth the money as a brood mare. But, though opinions may differ on this point, I do not think that breeders who bought the other mares, either at Leicester, Northallerton or Cheltenham, will agree with the statement that "very few are suitable for breeding because they were too light on the leg." I believe most of them were about 15h. 2in., and short on the leg with good bone. The high average prices made at the different sales is eloquent testimony to the general opinion of their suitability as brood mares. In my judgment whoever was responsible for the very difficult and delicate task of selecting them succeeded under very adverse conditions in sending over some really useful animals, and deserves the highest commendation. There is nothing in the idea that they were cast as bad-doers. Not to speak of other campaigning troubles which would pull them down, every horse master knows the meaning of lice from which all these mares suffered badly. There was a very marked difference in them between their arrival and treatment at Pirbright and their dispersal. I believe most breeders who have seen them will support me in expressing the hope that the representatives of the Board of Agriculture will soon bring back home again many such mares. Mr. Pilliner's suggestion that some might be put to the horse before sale is excellent. The Board of Agriculture now has control of one of the Hungarian thoroughbreds seized at the beginning of the war. From report he is exactly of the type to get high class hunters. Anyhow, it should not be difficult, if Mr. Pilliner's suggestion is adopted, to select mares that will suit him.—A. G. SHEPPARD.

SIR,—I have never seen the result of the cross of a cart-horse stallion on a thoroughbred mare used as a hunter sire, so cannot speak with any authority on the result of using a horse bred that way. I have ridden one very good hunter by a thoroughbred horse out of a cart mare, and have seen several others bred that way that have proved themselves real good horses. I think that to cross the weedy, well bred mare with a light, active cart-horse would produce a very useful animal, but I believe that to produce the best type of hunter a thoroughbred horse should be used on the fillies bred in this way. The ideal hunter is a thoroughbred horse that can carry weight, and the closer you can get to this ideal, provided you can get sufficient size, the better. The suggestion to put a tax on the exportation of mares is, as your correspondent points out, simply foolish. As long as there is a market plenty of horses will be bred, and everything should be done to encourage that market, not to restrict it by taxation.—A. J. FIFE.

SIR,—I declare without hesitation that a cross between the blood mare and a Shire horse has to my knowledge produced some first class hunters. I would not put them in a front position for the "Shires," but for ordinary hunting countries they are excellent, clever, bold and lasting, while they are not so often laid up from minor ailments as their more highly bred companions. The return from the front of heavy mares for breeding makes this an important matter.—J. F. MILLER (Colonel).

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIVE-BARRED GATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Quennell's letter on the five-barred gate. Agreeing with Miss Jekyll, he says, "The old patterns not only have proved to be far more durable than the modern machine-made variety, but are possessed of far more pleasing character than most of those made to-day." That may be said of all the old patterns in the arts and crafts. Indeed, Mr. Quennell, in other numbers of COUNTRY LIFE, has written to that effect. It is curious, however, that while he deplores the general use of the machine-made variety, I do not remember to have seen in any of his interesting articles that he accepts the implication of my quotation from his letter. It implies the abolition of the use of machinery in the arts and crafts if the best workmanship (and the most durable) is to be obtained. If that is not the deduction to be made from his remarks they can have no more than a sentimental value, and merely record a regret for the passing of good workmanship and the appearance of machine-made articles. At any rate, he cannot have it both ways; either he must think that the bountiful harvest of machine-made goods (gates included) is, on the whole, desirable and necessary, or he must believe, as I do, that the old patterns, and also the new ones, are best made in the old way. If the machine-made variety is neither durable nor pleasing, of what use is the machine?—G. L. MORRIS.

[The contention of Mr. Morris may apply to the wooden gate, but it is clearly not of universal application. The economic advantage of machine-made things, e.g., iron fencing, is established, and no agriculturist could afford to revert to the village blacksmith for such work. The common-sense of the matter seems to be that handicraft should have the preference when it produces things which, even at a higher first cost, are more economical in the long run by reason of greater durability. In time, no doubt, machine-made objects will establish their own æsthetic standard, which will express their method of production faithfully.—Ed.]

SANDBY'S SKETCH OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The sketch of the north front of Westminster Hall, of which you gave a reproduction in your issue of January 23rd, is perfectly familiar, by the medium of an aquatint, to those acquainted with Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster." It would be interesting, though, to know the reason for attributing it to Paul Sandby and not to his brother Thomas. The engraving bears the impress that it was published April 26th, 1808, some ten years after Thomas Sandby's death, but from a note on it and from the fact that the towers are shown battlemented it is evident that the sketch was made some years previously. On the score, therefore, of the date of the aquatint, there appears no reason for supposing that the sketch might not be by Thomas to whom it is ascribed by Smith in an inscription on the engraving. The curious point, however, is that Smith does not refer to him as the late Thomas Sandby, Esqre. Perhaps your correspondent, "F. S. A.," may have seen Paul's signature on the sketch itself but which was too small to show on the photographic reproduction, and Smith may have made a slip in ascribing the sketch to Thomas.

I should like to add that the coffee-houses were removed in 1807 and that the towers had plain, unembattled parapets for some intervening period between the time the sketch was made and 1819-22, when Thomas Gayfere restored the north front, leaving it much as it is at present.—W. J. DAVIES.

THE FERTILISATION OF SALMON OVA

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The most interesting and instructive article in COUNTRY LIFE by Mr. Wilford Johnson on January 23rd has given me great pleasure, but I trust that he will pardon me for pointing out that the eggs of the female fish (the hard roe) must be impregnated with the milt of the male (the soft roe), so that the spermatozoa may penetrate the ovum and produce the eyed and fertile fish. This is done naturally in the rivers when the male and female assemble on the gravelly bottom, the female depositing her eggs and the male the milt, carefully distributed by means of the fins over the eggs. This is done artificially by selecting a "ripe" female fish and gently pressing the ova from her into a vessel of water, and then the milt from the male, and gently stirring until well mixed. Thus the "eyed" ova are produced. It has been my privilege and pleasure to receive and hatch the eggs of trout or salmon for fifty years, first from Frank Buckland and then from my friend, Captain Bush, R.N., who erected troughs and hatched trout for some years. The fascination of watching the circulation seems to increase every year, and I am now daily waiting for a consignment from the hatchery in the Vale of Llangollen. I have found the best way to see the circulation with the microscope is to use a trough (just deep enough to receive the

"baby") with a semicircular bottom, so that both sides of the body and yolk sac may be thoroughly examined alternately with a good 2in. and 1in. lens placed on a double nose-piece with good illumination. To watch the corpuscles chasing each other through the arteries and innumerable veins and capillaries is a sight never to be forgotten.—THOS. SHEPHEARD.

[We are glad to print this interesting note; but, of course, Mr. Johnson did not describe the act of fertilisation simply because it was not necessary to elucidate his subject, "The Early Life History of the Salmon."—Ed.]

PRODUCTIVE DAIRY FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Present circumstances emphasise the necessity of economical farming and of making our native resources serve us as far as possible. It is the hope of all of us that these circumstances may soon pass away, but that is no reason why their lesson should not endure, for our future benefit. An object lesson is specially valuable, and such an object lesson, in the important matter of dairy work, we may cite from a comparatively small dairy farm in Kent, where a better return, in produce, is given from a small acreage of ground than we know elsewhere—and this almost entirely by virtue of the intelligent management. The soil is a good sandy loam, but in no way exceptional in its quality. The farmer has made a steady effort to enable the ground to carry the largest possible dairy stock in the highest possible condition for its purpose, and it is as follows, in rough and ready terms, that the farmer expounds the method: "I practically do not feed my cows on grass at all in the summer, but grow catch crops for them, such as winter tares, spring tares, cabbages, maize, trifolium and, later on, late cabbages and green turnips, besides, of course, a lot of mangolds and kohl rabi. As a matter of fact, until after the meadow hay is cut the cows only have two meadows to be turned out in, one for night and the other for day—so that shows that they have practically no grass. Last year, out of the seventy acres of grass I cut twenty-six acres, leaving only about forty-four acres for feed altogether." And in this seventy acres are kept about fifty-five cows and about fifteen heifers and calves, two bulls and six farm horses, besides several youngsters, yearlings, etc. The farmer, besides this grassland of seventy acres, has about a hundred and twelve acres of arable on which the crops required for the feed are mainly grown. Now, if we compare this amount of stock with the average stock maintained on a similar area of average land, we shall see, I think, that it is quite exceptional. Usually we should find a larger proportion laid down in grass. No attempt can be made, in a brief letter like this, to draw economic comparisons between the two systems, but I am thoroughly convinced that it comes out much to the advantage of the system that is indicated here. The stock is shorthorn, and the average yield of milk per cow per year, over a period of eight years, varies between 825 gallons in 1906, which is the richest year on the record, to 727 in 1910, which is the poorest. In both 1909 and 1912 it rose to over 800 gallons, and in the other years was a little below that round figure. Calves are sold at prices varying, according to the milk production of the mothers, from £6 to £3, those from a parent averaging from 1,050 to

1,100 gallons annually fetching the higher figure; those from 700 to 750 gallons of annual milk-giving, the lower; and there are intermediate prices for calves of mothers whose milk produce is between these extremes.—S.

A QUIET HOLIDAY RESORT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Caradale, a charming little village on the coast of Kintyre in Argyllshire, and a favourite spot in which to spend a holiday for those who enjoy a quiet rustic life, owing to the

distance from a town of any size. The chief occupation of the villagers is fishing.—G. B. WILSON.

UNBIDDEN PLANT GUESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested in reading in the last number of COUNTRY LIFE a letter by a correspondent who was in the habit of finding in his garden a number of seedling plants growing under a deodar among periwinkle and ivy. The same thing occurs in my own garden, where I have observed a number of most unusual seedlings of both British and foreign trees and shrubs growing in a similar situation. No doubt, as your correspondent suggests, the seeds are brought by birds and possibly germinate more freely after being swallowed by the latter, but I cannot help thinking that there must be something in the combination of deodar and ivy which forms a remarkably prolific seed bed. One would expect the ivy to choke the young plants and the cedar to kill them with its dense shade, but evidently this is not the case.—E. BENSON.



FAR FROM THE SOUNDS OF STRIFE.

"COUNTRY LIFE" AT THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if it would interest you to know how much COUNTRY LIFE is appreciated at the front? It is being sent out to a soldier, and he writes to say how much he enjoys it, and that his copy is read by at least 144 men!—A LOVER OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

"BELL STRING ACRE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is an interesting story in connection with the ringing of the Curfew at Burgh. This old practice has for long been customary in this little town. Some years ago an acre of land was given by the captain of a vessel to purchase a silken rope for the tenor bell in Burgh Church, as one dark night he had been preserved from shipwreck by hearing the sound of the Curfew bell. This piece of land is situated on the Station Road and goes by the name of "Bell String Acre." What it lets for a year is given to the ringers.—G. WELBURN.

BIRDS AND EARTHQUAKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen in COUNTRY LIFE recently a letter on "Birds and Zeppelins," I thought it might interest your readers to know my experience with pheasants in New Zealand some years ago. I was in the North Island of New Zealand, on the ranges at the foot of Mount Egmont, a lonely spot. It was a bad place for earthquakes, and always before one the pheasants used to give wild, alarmed cries. So well did we know this that on hearing their cries we always left the house to be ready for the earthquake, which came about two minutes after the birds' cries. Also all horses and cows would come up close to us or the house just before the earthquake, I suppose for human companionship.—E. M. WEIGALL.

FOUND IN A STRAWBERRY BED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a handful of young common shrews may be of interest to your readers. They were found in a nest of dead oak leaves



SHREW BABIES.

and moss in the middle of a strawberry bed on September 27th, 1914. There are seven of them, and in the photograph it is possible to make them all out. Unfortunately, the nest was destroyed, and though a new one was made for them, they were found dead two or three days later, their mother having apparently deserted them. Although it is quite common to pick up one or two dead shrews during an afternoon's ramble in the country, these useful little animals are seldom seen alive.—D. G. GARNETT.

SOME OLD-TIME RECIPES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In an ancient recipe book, a new edition of which appeared in 1824, I came across some delightfully quaint suggestions and prescriptions which may possibly interest your readers. The following is described as an "Excellent substitute for Table Beer": "As small beer is apt to become sour in warm weather, a pleasant beer may be made by adding to a bottle of porter ten quarts of water, and a pound of brown sugar as molasses. After they have been well mixed, pour the liquor into bottles, and place them loosely corked in a cool cellar. In two or three days it will be fit for use. A spoonful of ginger added to the mixture renders it more lively and agreeable to the taste. This might be adopted in the Navy instead of grog"! Here is a cure for the sore throats which are so prevalent nowadays: "Take rosemary tops, about a handful, put them into a basin and pour a pint of boiling hot verjuice upon it, then cover it over with a tin funnel, the broad side downwards, and the steam will come through the nozzle of the funnel. Then hold your mouth over the steam till it has gone down your throat. N.B.—Be very careful that you do not put your mouth too close to the funnel, as it may scald it, but let the steam go down your throat as much as possible, and repeat it as often as necessary." The book also deals extensively with the care and treatment of a garden, and it is interesting to notice the difference between the old-time methods and those which we employ to-day. Here is a suggestion for preventing blossom and fruit trees from being damaged by early spring frosts: "If a rope [a hempen one it is presumed] be introduced among the branches of a fruit tree in blossom, and the end of it brought down, so as to terminate it in a bucket of water, and should a slight frost take place in the night time, in that case the tree will not be affected by the frost, but a film of ice of considerable thickness will be formed on the surface of the bucket in which the rope's end is immersed, although it has often happened that another bucket of water placed beside it for the sake of experiment has had no ice at all upon it." With regard to the destruction of rats a very naive anecdote is related: "A few years ago the corn mill at Glossop was very much infested with rats. A quantity of barley was hourly visited by some of them. The miller one day, going to drive them away as usual, happened to catch one of them under his hat, which he killed. He then singed all the hair off its body until its skin, tail and legs became stiff by the operation. In this condition he set it

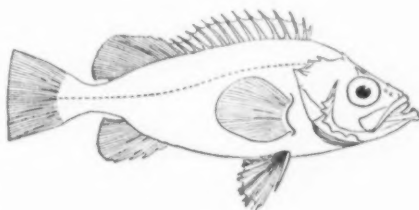
upon its feet by the side of a heap of barley, where it stood with pricked up ears and tail for some time. After this no rat dared to come near it, and in a short space of time the mill was cleared of those depredators and has continued so ever since."—G. V. C.

THE BERGYLT OR NORWAY HADDOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The so-called Norway haddock, or bergylt (*Sebastes norvegicus*), of which an appreciable quantity have recently been landed at Fleetwood, is a northern species which is distributed from Spitzbergen to the south-west coast of Norway, but is rarely taken on the more northern coast of Britain.

It is specially interesting inasmuch as it is one of the only two viviparous marine fishes occurring in Europe, the other species being the viviparous blenny (*Zoarces viviparus*), which latter is common on the east coast of Britain. The Norway haddock is a handsome fish, being uniformly coloured vermilion, except that it becomes lighter on the under side of the body. The fins are likewise red. The fish has an agreeable flavour when carefully cooked. It is said that, in times gone by, the Greenlanders used the spines from this fish as needles, and certainly an examination of the spines bears this out, as they are quite as sharp as modern needles and very strong. The specimen from which the accompanying sketch was prepared measured 15½ in. in length and weighed 1 lb. 11 oz., and an examination of its otoliths (ear bones) showed it to be between five and six years old. In his work on "British Fishes" Day says that this species attains a length of 4 ft.—ALBERT WADE.



THE BERGYLT.

GLOW-WORMS IN WINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am not versed in the habits and ways of glow-worms, but living in the country I have always looked for them at the beginning of the warm weather, and enjoyed their beauty until the autumn has come. Never have I once seen any sign of them in the winter, and my surprise was very great when, during the late heavy fall of snow we had, a neighbour told me how, when sweeping the snow from his garden one night, he came upon a glow-worm bravely giving forth its light in spite of the heavy mantle which had covered it. To me this activity seems such an unusual event that I thought perhaps your readers would be interested to know of it.—DOROTHY JAMES SMITH.

[A similar phenomenon was noted in France by the sub-editor of the *Garden*. See his note in our issue for January 23rd.—Ed.]

THE MALIGNED MULE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Pig-headed as a mule" is a well known saying from the Emerald Isle, and doubtless there is some truth in it, as there is in most Irish "bulls."

But obstinacy is not the dominating characteristic of the mule; he is out and away the most intelligent of all equines, and when there is hard work to do he puts all his heart into it and will work till he drops. When turned out for an "easy" in a paddock or any enclosure where they can gallop about and stretch themselves—as in the photographs shown—they are extremely amusing, as they play among themselves unceasingly and without any real desire to damage each other.—M. S.



FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS.



A WARM CORNER.

TRENCH DIGGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to paragraph 3 of the advertisement for recruits, page 11* of COUNTRY LIFE, January 23rd, 1915, can a man volunteer and be engaged for trench digging without being liable to be called upon to serve in any other capacity; and if so, under what conditions? There are still yokels of the best, born and bred on the land, and, *ipso facto*, slow to take to new ideas of life. Though faithful and seeing much that many who can read and write overlook, they are better at their own work than they would be at soldiering, but would be excellent trench diggers.—H. F.

[We have already sent out a large number of men as trench diggers, and also have employed them at home. They are in no sense military units, but work as ordinary navvies.—ED.]

MR. YERBURGH & PUBLIC GRANARIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It will be remembered by some of your readers that Mr. Robert Yerburgh, M.P. for Chester, powerfully advocated in Parliament some years since that provision should be made for shortage and consequent dearth of our food supplies. If his suggestion for public granaries had then been adopted, it would, in my opinion, have helped to prevent some of the troubles which seem to be facing the country at the present time. Now, Mr. Yerburgh has, happily, been released from the German grip and returned to his native land with, it is hoped, perfectly restored health, I sincerely hope that his prophetic mind may be employed in helping to relieve the country of the troubles which threaten us at the present time.—THOMAS SHEPHEARD.



RELICS OF THE CHASE.

This nobleman resided at Duncombe Park, now the residence of the new Earl of Feversham, who is Master of the same Hunt at the present day, the Sinnington, which dates back to 1680 or thereabouts. The right-hand horn, at the top of the picture, is of more modern date. It was carried by Colonel (Bob) Lesley, who was Master of the Sinnington from 1884—1891. From 1680 the pack was trencher fed, but when Mr. R. C. Swan succeeded Colonel Lesley he kennelled the hounds. The one on the left was the property of Squire Richard Hill, who formed what is now the Hon. Henry Vane's pack in 1808, with which he hunted till 1855. At his death Mr. John Hill took over the Mastership, but sold the hounds in 1862 to the Duke of Grafton.—E. C. BOWRY.

CHEVIOT GOATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few years ago you published a photograph of mine of the herd of goats attached to Southernknowe Farm. I enclose another photograph of the same herd which I obtained last summer. It is a more satisfactory picture, as I had an opportunity of getting them at close quarters. This in an ordinary way is somewhat difficult, owing to their shyness and objection to face the camera. The present billy of the herd has only held his position for a short time, his aged predecessor having come to an untimely end through being killed by foxhounds during a local hunt.—H. W. BURNUP.

AMYAS LEIGH'S HOME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Do you happen to remember a certain occasion on which "men of Bideford, in Devon," were met together chatting on the quay, one of them



by name John Oxenham, and another Salvation Yeo? The latter was showing off to all and sundry "a great white buffalo horn, covered with rough etchings of land and sea." He had it, he said, from a "Portingal," in the Azores, and whence the Portingal had it he did not know. And beside the knot of mariners stood a stout, large limbed boy, by name Amyas Leigh. He was a hardy boy and "asked boldly for a nearer sight of the marvel, which was granted at once." He offered for it all that he had—a tester—and naturally was laughed to scorn. Then kind Mr. John Oxenham wished to buy the horn, for a noble, off Yeo, and so give it to the boy; but the sailor would have none of it. He was moved by the boy's eagerness for the horn and for the gallant adventure it suggested, and insisted on his taking it in a free gift. So the boy went his way, a mile and a half maybe, to that very Burrough House or Burrough Court, as Charles Kingsley generally writes it, of which we are able to give a sketch here. It was in 1855, the date of the pencil drawing reproduced, that Kingsley published his fine prose epic. Here we see the house from the landward and the Bideford side, whence the boy, hugging this marvellous gift, would approach it. Kingsley could not well have chosen a home better adapted to nurse a lad whose head was to be filled with visions of adventure on the Spanish Main. When Kingsley wrote this, his greatest book, he was living at Northdown House, on the edge of Bideford town nearest Borough Court, so that when he went to see this home of the brave young fellow whom his fancy had created he would go just by the way that we have had described above; would have seen all these sights and found his mind stirred by all these suggestions. He was, moreover, a Devon man born, though much of his life was passed at his Eversley Rectory. His heart was always in the West Country. The present Borough House is quite a different edifice from such as we see it here and such as Kingsley saw. It was rebuilt, possibly to the greater comfort of its inmates, but certainly not to the advantage of its aspect from the picturesque point of view, a good many years ago. On one of the window panes of the old house of 1855 was scratched, with a diamond, the name "Amyas Leigh," and it is said that many an unreflecting visitor of the "absent-minded beggar" type has ingenuously enquired: "Oh, did Amyas Leigh himself write that?" I do not know whether that window pane was transferred to the modern building. It should have been.—H. G. H.



A GOOD LOOKING HERD.